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LETTER FROM GENEVA,

TO THE EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The celebrated historian of the Reformation, Merle D'Aubigné, with forty-six others, Presidents, Professors and members of Evangelical Churches and other Societies in Geneva, Switzerland, addressed a letter, on the 31st of March, 1857, to the Evangelical Christians of the United States on the subject of slavery. It has been published and widely circulated. We propose to give it a respectful answer.

We begin by objecting to the whole purpose of the letter, independently of its argument, as unauthorized, injudicious, and productive of evil. The writers profess to be induced by zeal only in the *cause of truth*; by a desire to see the great American Republic relieved from every *impediment in diffusing religious truth among all nations*; by a conviction that Providence has *fixed a great focus of light in the United States*. They wish to increase it. They fear that slavery is a *cause of weakness and*

they are anxious to remove it.—The thought presses on their hearts. They invoke *us by the peace and glory of our country, by true liberty, and the cause of Christianity*, to bring about a *suppression of slavery*. "They do not claim the right to impose opinions by authority—the Pope of Rome alone believes that he has that power."—They would exercise the right only of Christian liberty, and send us their remonstrance as a token of Christian love. They believe that those who differ from them in opinion on the subject at issue are sincere and upright men. They do not wish to offend their brethren, but to do them good.

If everything claimed for the intention of the writers be freely and fully conceded, their proceeding will make no exception to the truth that goodness of intention alone, in any important action, is not enough. Its purity is no justification or excuse for interfering—we will not say intermeddling—in the

affairs of a distant and independent community—still less in a difficult and disputed question of social policy which divides and inflames the minds of its people.

They address themselves to prejudiced and angry partizans. Their letter is welcomed on the one side as a support; it is resented on the other as an attack. It is not sufficient to say that nothing of the sort is intended. We know it is not intended. But, we repeat, goodness of intention is no defence for causing mischief. If it is the Christian's duty to do good, it is his duty also to refrain from the appearance of evil. If he must impart benefits, he must beware lest his intended benefits prove firebrands of discord and death. To intervene in the affairs or disputes of others, promotes dissention, not peace. The maxim needs no illustration. It applies alike to individuals, families, societies and nations.

At all times, States and communities are the best judges of their own business. Neither governors nor counsellors a long way off are safe and sufficient guides. Our whole American history is an assertion and vindication of this truth. No government abroad, proprietary or royal, satisfied our people. They never ceased to contend until they had established the right to manage their own affairs in their own way. Our country's great maxim is not to interfere with others and not to permit interference in her affairs. This is the best security for peace among nations. Let the lovers of peace be cautious how they infringe the spirit of the rule in the least important particular.

Our friends of Geneva are not interfering as a State with a State, but as a Society of Christians with other Christian Societies.—They are only the more subject, therefore, to the application of the

rule. If interference be indefensible, it is the more indefensible when forced or attempted by Christian communities.

They are governed, as they think, by a principle of conscience. Alas, Christian friends! this opinion only increases the probability of mischief by concealing the danger. We never do evil, says the incomparable Pascal, so cheerfully and effectually as when we do it on a false principle of conscience. Can you be sure that your uninvited interference in the domestic policy of a distant people is resting on a true one? You believe that God has called you, "in a special manner," to interpose on this occasion.—Where is the evidence? You tell us that you will say to us, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians, in advising them, "if we are foolish, it is for the love of you." But St. Paul had the charge of the Church at Corinth; he had proof of being called in a special manner. You have no charge in this matter, and no proof of a special calling. If, nevertheless, the Apostle apologized in advising, what shall we say of your venturing to do what he excused himself for doing.

You do not claim "*the right to impose opinions by authority—the Pope alone believes that he has that power.*" Yet the Pope of Rome is silent where you assume to speak. You charge him with arrogating the power which you quietly and substantially exercise, but which, in this matter, he has never undertaken to assert.

You do not impose opinions—very true; but there is a small interval only between imposing opinions and imposing advice. How easy to pass from one to the other! The invitation of a monarch is a command. The counsel of authority implies submission. The temper that volunteers advice is the

temper that exacts obedience. The power may be wanting, but not the will. The man who denounces one creed will enforce another by violent means. You who now volunteer counsel on our principles and practice, under different circumstances, from similar views, with equal good intentions, would compel obedience to what you believe to be the will of God and the good of the Church. Is there no lamentable fact in the history of Geneva itself, which may serve, in reference to this truth, as an illustration and a warning?

It is the duty of Christians, you think, to feel a warm sympathy in the condition and character of other Christians; to be active in giving effect to their sympathy; to be ready not only with their prayers but with counsel and other aid. All this is true, but all within just limits only. They may advise, but the advice must be sought, it must be founded on a thorough knowledge of the facts; of the temper of the party advised; of the limits of his means and power to act; of the effects direct and indirect of the measure suggested for adoption. Do you stand within these limits? Have you the necessary knowledge for judicious counsel? You say to us *if* your custom is this, *if* your practice is that—*if the slave is not allowed by law to attend public worship; if it is unlawful to instruct the children of slaves; "if the master acquires possession of a woman as if she were his own wife;" if* these and other facts are true, can your laws you ask us, be compatible with the eternal principles of Christianity? You thus grope about, on hands and knees, to seek what ground you stand upon or whether you stand on any. You go on blindly to give counsel as though your *ifs* were

facts, while, in truth, they are slanders only on your American brethren. Are they not founded on hearsay, on the inventions of a fictitious story? We greatly fear that you have no better authority for your opinions than the incidents of a popular tale. Have you been cautious and considerate in this matter? Have you borne in mind the proneness that besets us all to assume the office of supervising our brother's affairs and teaching him his duties—the ease with which we decide what it becomes others to do or bear, or suffer; the equanimity with which we support another's pains or losses; the generosity with which we do liberal deeds at another's cost—have these things been sufficiently before your eyes?

You admit that there are, in the Southern States of North America, "just and moderate men in abundance." There is more than this. There are well educated, wise, devout and holy men, laborious teachers and ministers of Christian truth, men who traverse interminable forests, crossing mighty rivers, braving the malaria of deadly regions, not unworthy followers and fellow labourers of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in deaths often, in perils of the wilderness, in hunger, in cold, in nakedness, perseveringly and successfully preaching the whole gospel of Christ. Are you acquainted, as they are, with the negro character—his need of subjection, his inability to sustain any competition with the white man, his dullness, his idleness, his improvidence? It is easy to say that all this is the delusion of the slaveholder. But can you know it to be so? What are your opportunities for knowing? You make no investigation. You take the opinions of those ready like yourselves to interfere without knowledge! Is

this Christian humility or candour or just respect for the character of Christian men as wise and good as yourselves, and infinitely better informed on the question which you undertake to decide? Never has there been a stronger illustration of the truth that it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment.—Who are ye that judge these devout and laborious men? Have you stood face to face, as they do, with the social condition of which you speak? Have you searched it as they search it? Can you understand it as they do? Have you been engaged, as slaveholding Christians have been for a century, in caring for the negro race, in feeding, clothing, training to useful labour, restraining, instructing, civilizing, christianizing the African? The Christian masters and ministers of the Southern States have done and are doing all this. What have you done? What labours have you performed? What sacrifice have you made? By what right do you assume that you are the negro's friend, and his master his foe? Let us be understood—we make no boast, we claim no merit. We have done only what Providence appointed us to do—very imperfectly, it may be, without sufficient devotion to the divine will of which we are the instruments and agents! But all that has been done the slaveholders have done. It has been done with immense benefit to the African race. Where else do you find them, as you find them here, efficient labourers, living in peace, bestowing blessings on the whole world; civilized men, compared with the natives of Africa? Who supplies your manufactories with cotton? Who furnishes to your labourers the soothing influences of their indispensable narcotic? Who produces the sugar and rice that add

to your comforts and luxuries? Is it the African in Africa? Do you obtain these great commercial products from Guinea and Angola? And where else, except among the slaves of the Southern States of America, are seen, in hundreds of thousands, negroes composing Christian Churches in whole or in part? Where else will you find multitudes of negroes able to read the Gospel? In what other region has the African increased, in a century, from 300,000 to 3,000,000? And now when the negro has been converted from a savage to a man, to a prosperous and intelligent peasant, artisan and Christian, by those who have lived with him and guided and governed him, you stand afar off and undertake to reprove their remissness and direct their proceedings. You call across the Atlantic to the labourers in this remote Christian vineyard, who are diligently and faithfully preaching and teaching, by precept and example, every moral and religious duty, and administering from day to day the Christian sacraments to thousands of churches composed of Christian negroes, and you say to them, my Christian brethren, *if your slaves are not allowed to attend on public worship, if you never teach them, if you have as many wives as you have negro women slaves*, we exhort you to hear our counsel offered with Christian liberty, in Christian love.

As it has been the lot of the Christian slaveholder to do all that has been done, it will be for him and him alone to do all that is to be done for the negro race in North America. It is not the task of a day or a century to change a barbarous to a civilized race. It needs time, patience, perseverance. The present civilization of Europe is the work of more than two thousand years. You are impatient, you

would anticipate the labour of ages—you who have no portion in the toil, no part of the responsibility, no share in the risk arising from injudicious or hurried proceedings—you are unwilling to leave the business to Providence and to the agencies chosen for it by Providence. We are as willing to do what is right as you are; we alone are able to do any thing in this matter; we ask you with all Christian frankness to stand aside and let us do our work. It is ours, not yours. You may embarrass, but you cannot help us. You may trouble us, but you cannot share our task.

You advise us to abolish slavery—are you prepared to offer us a plan for effecting it with safety and advantage to all parties? The physician who is content to tell his patients that they are sick and suggests no practicable cure, or who prescribes medicine and knows nothing of its virtues, will command no confidence in his skill. You tell us we are suffering under an evil; you call upon us to remove it; can you devise any mode of doing so with that regard for the general safety which ought, you think, to be carefully considered? What is to be done with the blacks when manumitted. The race, although improved in North America, is still a barbarous one. They are sluggish and sensual. They are inferior to the white not only in actual progress, but in ability to advance. They cannot, like the freedmen of Greece or Rome, melt into the mass of freemen. People of the same type, English and Irish, German and French, are easily moulded into one American mass, but there is no possible compounding of white and black.—This may seem very unreasonable and wrong to you who know nothing of the difficulty, but it is not

the less true. If the two races remain together in the same country, the destruction of the inferior becomes inevitable. We ask you to be taught by history. The great tribes of red men who formerly inhabited North America have all perished from between the Mississippi and the ocean. The black millions would be equally unfortunate if removed from the control and care of the white race. They could not sustain a competition for bread with a more intelligent rival. This is seen to be true in Canada and in the Northern States. From this cause, with no wars to precipitate it, the extirpation of the blacks must follow manumission. Even where climate protects him from white competition and its consequences, the black deteriorates in freedom. Eye witnesses in the English West India Possessions, declare that he is more idle, vicious, and ignorant than when a slave. His progress in civilization seems to be conditional on his subjection to a more intelligent and energetic people. Suppose, then, that as the necessary consequence of manumission, the black race should waste away and perish; or, that they should become more idle, vicious, improvident and miserable. What then? will you still say to us manumit your slaves? Will you disorganize the labour of a whole country, endanger its existence, destroy its great commercial products so important to the whole world, with the certainty of ruin to the race you desire to benefit? Will you convert three millions of useful labourers into paupers and thieves that could not remain in their present home and that would not find homes any where else? We are afraid that you have never given a thought to the subject. If you have, give us your plan.

In the early history of the church,

we can find no examples of one society of Christians interposing with unasked advice, or instruction, or otherwise, in the affairs of another. We see but one in which there was any interference at all. When certain parties from the hill country of Judea troubled the Gentile converts with unauthorized teachings and advisings, seeking to impose as Christian duties what were none, an appeal was made to the Apostles and Elders at Jerusalem—to the inspired teachers of Christianity. The men who troubled the churches were rebuked. The Council, under the immediate influence of the holy spirit, advised or admonished the Churches. Do you hold the same authority as the Apostles? Have you been called upon in like manner to advise? Can you claim the same special guidance of the holy spirit? Or are you not rather in the position of the parties against whom the Council was called and the decision made? We fear so. You have troubled Christian societies with teachings not in Scripture.—You have attempted to impose on them as Christian duties what they deny to be such. It was the duty of circumcision formerly. It is the duty of abolishing slavery now.—There are no living inspired Apostles; we must turn, therefore, to their writings. Show us in these writings the Apostles' precept—manumit your slaves. It would be as easy to find one commanding Christians to circumcise their children. You are teaching without authority what the Apostles have not taught; you are giving counsel where it has not been invited; you interfere in the social condition of a remote community where you may do harm to the cause of Christ but can do no good.

We make these remarks in no captious or unkind spirit. But the

surest way to promote the brotherly intercourse of Christian churches and communities is to restrict it within safe and legitimate limits. Even between friend and friend, advice, if unasked, is unseasonable, or unfounded on sufficient knowledge of the facts of the case and the feelings of the parties, is always injudicious, seldom useful, often mischievous. It has already produced the worst consequences among our American churches. The intervention of those abroad can only increase the mischief. There are now divisions and dissensions arising from the attempt of some to assume control over the consciences of others. You may increase the evil by interposing; you cannot remove or lessen it.

And here, with a protest against the whole form and purpose of the letter from Geneva, we might close our answer or review. But we are reluctant to seem wanting in respect for the authors and their arguments, or unwilling to give them our most serious attention. We will, therefore, proceed to examine the reasons against slavery which they are pleased to assign.

They begin with arguments of more general consideration, but rely on such as apply peculiarly to Christian men. "We might remind you, they say, that slavery is contrary to natural rights; that all men having freedom alike cannot be deprived of that liberty unless forfeited by some criminal act; that the right of property in men and things is widely different; that no man is allowed to sell a human being as he would a material thing." And they quote the remarks of Montesquieu as to the injurious effects of slavery on both master and slave. To such remarks it is enough to say that slavery is not a new thing under the sun. It has existed in all ages of the world,

and its injurious effects, whatever they may be, have not prevented the masters of slaves from being the most renowned warriors, the most eloquent orators, judicious historians and profound philosophers, the most accomplished poets, painters, sculptors, architects that the world has yet seen.

Nothing, Christian friends, can be more delusive and dangerous in practical questions than conclusions drawn from theories of natural rights. The French revolution was a grand drama arranged to illustrate and enforce this important truth. It overturned all social, civil and political relations. It decreed an end to all religion. It was the first to abolish negro slavery. The present abolition spirit is the legitimate offspring of the school of liberty, equality, fraternity, whose doctors and apostles were Gëgreire, Brissot and Robespierre, and whose legitimate effects were brutal massacres, at which the world still stands aghast. We detest them and all their cant. There is no state of nature. It is unknown among the most barbarous tribes. Men exist in societies only. They are born into certain conditions, subject to certain restraints and penalties, imposed by governments over which they have no control. Their rights are determined by laws, and laws are what the good of society requires them to be. Whatever this may demand, society has the right to enact. You admit that a man may be deprived of his freedom for a criminal offence. Why so? Why should the law deprive a felon of his freedom? It may do more, it may take his life. If society can take life to secure what it deems the good of society, will it be pretended that it cannot for the same reason compel its members to serve it as slaves? If the reason is suf-

ficient to imprison or hang one man, is it not enough to enslave another? We say nothing of the looseness of thought or language by which you confound the condition of the prisoner and the slave and regard them as deprived of liberty in the same sense. But supposing that they are, what right has the State in the case of the criminal that it has not in an equal degree in that of the slave? If the good of society does not require the enslaving a part of its population or the imprisonment of the criminal, it is wrong to enslave or imprison, if it does require them, it is right. In either case the discretion of society must of necessity be the measure of the right. It has been exercised accordingly, in all ages, by all States, and when it is said that a man cannot be deprived of his freedom except for a criminal offence, the assertion is made in defiance of the codes of all nations, beginning with that of the great legislator and prophet of Judea. It is in vain to say in the face of all example to the contrary, that the good of a State can never require the enslaving of a part of its people. This is simply assuming as true the whole question that you undertake to prove. It is making your judgment the standard of right; it is asserting what you disclaim—the power to impose opinions by authority. Others have attempted to prove that the good of society never requires the gibbet or the jail; that criminals should not be deprived of life or freedom; that education only should be opposed to crime. They may with equal reason demand that their dogmas should be assumed as truth.

The Southern States of North America judge it to be essential to their welfare that the negro portion of their population should be

slaves. They exercise the right of all States to determine what is essential to their own welfare. They injure no other State. They affirm no universal propositions or abstract questions in relation to slavery as a general question or as concerning other States. They are no propagandists. They confine their views to the practical question only that concerns themselves. They claim to be allowed to exercise their discretion in their own affairs. Surely, Christian friends, there is reason in this.

The right of property, you say, in men and things is widely different—certainly it is. We never said or thought otherwise. You have formed false conceptions of slavery, and oppose imaginary principles and maxims never maintained among us. No man, you add, is allowed to sell a human being as a material thing—very true; and no master of slaves ever sells a human being as a material thing. What is sold and what is bought, in every sale of slaves, is the labour only of the slave, coupled with the obligation to support him. What is there so monstrous in this? Suppose a peasant bound for life to one of your farmers, with the power in the farmer to transfer the labourer to another farmer, each successive employer being obliged to support the peasant and his family, would this be an insupportable evil to the peasant? Would it place him in any greatly worse condition than he now holds with an equal obligation to labour and the uncertainty of obtaining work? Would it make him a material thing? Substitute in the case supposed the word slave for peasant, and master for farmer, and you will understand the real condition of negro slavery in the United States. Emancipate yourselves from the dominion of words. The slaveholder does not

sell the negro's body and soul as certain pestilent declaimers tell you. He claims and sells nothing but the negro's labour. He has in the slave for life no more than your farmer has in his ploughman or reaper for a day or a month or a year. It is only a different system of labour from your system. Yours is best for your peasantry, no doubt, but we have as little doubt that ours is best for the negro. The slave with us is bound to labour—that is the phrase of the Federal Constitution—as the apprentice is bound to labour with you; the one for life, the other for a limited period. The selling of the one as little implies that he is considered a material thing, as the apprenticing of the other. If you ask who binds the slave and makes him an apprentice for life, we reply, the same power that binds the apprentice for a term of years—the laws of the land; and for the same cause, too—the inability of the parties to govern themselves.

Slavery is not the creature of the master's unrestrained will, nor is it left to his discretion. It is a system formed and regulated by law. The master's obligations are determined by law—by law sustained, and enforced by an active and sensitive public opinion. The master is the guardian of the slave to protect him, to support him, not only in health and strength, but in old age and infancy. The instance is unknown in this country of a slave dying from want. He is undisturbed by taxes and conscriptions. His life is one of peaceful labour and certain subsistence. But of all this you know nothing. You never inquire, you only condemn. You join in the current clamor of the world, in its denunciation of a system of which your best information is uncertain hearsay. There is as little philosophy as charity in this.

A thinking man might find something worthy of the most careful research in a domestic policy which is so connatural to mankind as to prevail at all times with all varieties of people—with the strong practical sense of the Roman, the refined intellect of the Greek, the deep religious sentiment of the Hebrew. Serfage, villeinage, feudalism, slavery, are all modifications only of the principle which subjects the weak to the strong, the inferior to the superior for the benefit of both, but especially of the feebler party. The universality of the policy shows its inherency in our nature. It springs up in society in certain stages, under certain circumstances, as certainly as trees in a forest, and is as native to human necessities as grass to the fields.—It disappears before advancing civilization, under other circumstances, as the woods disappear before increasing cultivation. In either case the result is the work of causes that we can neither hasten nor retard. But we have no space for inquiries like these, and leave them to your reflections.

But you do not insist on these material considerations. You prefer to waive them. You desire to dwell on the argument in a Christian point of view. In this view of it you say, "we acknowledge, dear brethren, that slavery is not explicitly abolished in the New Testament; we see that masters are not prohibited from owning slaves; that slaves are exhorted to submission and fidelity—that is certain; and yet it is as certain that slavery is opposed to the spirit of Christianity."

But if slavery is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity, it is, above all doubt, certain that the Apostle has said so—that he has clearly and emphatically instructed or advised Christian masters to manumit

their slaves. We defy any human ingenuity to escape from the absolute necessity of this conclusion.—You feel the necessity—it is unavoidable—and while you admit that slavery is not explicitly abolished in the New Testament, you adduce passages in which you think the Apostle has plainly taught Christians that slavery is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity. We believe that the passages bear no such interpretation.

The first quoted is from 1 Cor. vii., 21st. The quotation is confined to part of the verse. To understand it we must include the preceding and succeeding verses. "Let every one," the Apostle says, "remain in the station in which he has been called to be a Christian; art thou called being a slave, care not for it, (*but if thou mayst be free, use it rather*;) for he that is called in the Lord being a slave is the freedman of the Lord; likewise, also, he that is called being free, is the slave of the Lord." The whole scope of the passage is to inculcate by the most emphatic language that it is unimportant in the eyes of God what the condition of life may be in which a Christian is placed. Let each remain in his station. Be content with your condition; do its duties faithfully; that only is important. The Lord is no respecter of persons. All are alike to him, wise or simple, prince or peasant, bond or free. Yet in the midst of this most emphatic declaration that it is not important what a Christian's station may be, the Apostle turns aside, as you think, to teach the slave that it is important. The Apostle, as you represent him, is very much in the position of an actor who declaims one sentiment aloud to the audience, and, in a stage whisper, aside, to a different party, expresses another. The passage of Scripture in its whole scope

says one thing; and you make a parenthesis of half a dozen words demonstrate the reverse. You are aware that a number of the ablest commentators, from Chrysostom to the present time, give the passage a meaning which, they say, the original demands, and which is the very opposite to your own. They construe the words in the parenthesis to this effect—If thou art a slave care not for it, (*and even if you may obtain freedom, remain nevertheless in your station.*) The interpretation is in harmony with the whole passage, and renders it more emphatic still. Yours contradicts and confuses it. There is yet another sense in which the words may be taken, which we suggest as the meaning of the Apostle. A Christian slave offered his freedom might have been embarrassed, under the strong peremptory teaching of the Apostle, to decide whether he could, if he wished it, accept the offer or not. To relieve that embarrassment, the Apostle limits his precept and leaves the decision to the slave's discretion—if offered freedom, he says, you may accept it; you will not in so doing disregard my precepts. This interpretation conforms to the general purpose of his instructions. But to represent him as engaged in demonstrating certain abstract propositions concerning freedom or slavery, is incompatible with its whole aim and meaning. He was giving practical rules for the regulation of life in every condition, not suggesting reasons for preferring one condition to another.

But if this parenthetical remark addressed to the slave is to be regarded as affirming that slavery is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, something more decided still must be inculcated on the master by the Apostle. He has not preached to the slave and been silent

to the master in a matter that concerns them both. You must show us his injunction to masters. You are convinced that this is necessary, and accordingly you quote Eph. vi. 9: "Before the Lord in heaven the slave is as the free;" and I. Cor. xii. 13, "We are baptised into one body, whether we be bond or free;" and lastly, Col. iii., 11th, "There is neither bond or free but Christ is all in all." These passages you adduce to prove that the Apostle teaches the master that slavery is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity; and you go on to ask, whether God is not the God of the black man as well as the white man; whether the blood of the cross does not cover the sins of the one as well as the other; whether the holy spirit makes any distinction of colour. The Apostle expressly tells us that the holy spirit makes no distinction, in spiritual things, between white or black, lord or labourer, prince or peasant, ruler or ruled, doctor or disciple; and, lest Christians should be misled by this truth, as they have been often and grievously—to overturn all government, to abolish slavery, to level the condition of ruler and ruled, prince and peasant, doctor and disciple, he enjoins on them with repeated, emphatic, peremptory earnestness to remain content with their conditions, to submit to rulers, to obey masters, for distinctions in temporal things are made by providence—the powers that be are ordained of God.

But assuredly if the Apostle had intended to teach the Christian Church that slavery is inconsistent with "the eternal principles of Christianity," he would not have been content with hinting this truth indirectly and obscurely, and leaving to modern believers to supply his imperfect doctrine. Was he slack or careless or timid or time-

serving in preaching the Gospel? Woe is unto me, he says, if I preach not the Gospel. Was he indirect, whose peculiar excellence it was to be plain and straight forward, and not as one beating the air. Was he fearful of consequences, who traveled through perils and sufferings innumerable, to final martyrdom?—Was he backward to incur responsibility, who condemned every sin and social evil, who omitted to notice no abuse even in dress or manners? If slavery is what you represent it to be, an offence among Christians *not to be told in Gath nor published in the streets of Ascalon*, it is as certain as truth, that the Apostle has explicitly denounced it. He has not been content with a side-wise condemnation of it. It was part of the gospel ministry to reprove it. If he neglected to reprove it openly and fearlessly, he has incurred the woe which he invoked on himself if he preached not the gospel. He had the subject repeatedly before him. He enjoined on masters their duties to their slaves. And yet, you say, he omitted the most important of them all. Either the Apostle shrunk from his duty, or you, my good friends, are mistaken in yours.

You feel this difficulty. It is indeed not to be escaped. Therefore, to meet it, you say "Christianity did not lay violent or imprudent hands on civil institutions." This is the reason assigned why the Apostle has not performed the duty which you are now performing for him. But, to enjoin masters to manumit their slaves, would in no wise have laid violent hands on civil institutions. It was no infringement of civil institutions in the Roman Empire to manumit a slave. Nothing was more common. The Apostle would have affronted no law, custom or prejudice, by enjoining it. He might have said to his converts

manumit your slaves as heathen masters continually manumit theirs. It is of daily occurrence among them. Do not allow their benevolence to exceed yours. Was it assailing civil institutions to advise Christians to do what all the world were doing? It was more easy to manumit the slave then than now. The slave of Greek, Roman, or Hebrew, was of no inferior race. The freedman easily amalgamated with the mass of freemen. The slave was often the equal of his master in learning, accomplishments and manners. A generation removed all distinctions. There was no insuperable barrier of colour or inferior capacity. There was no question then, as now, what is to become of the manumitted slaves.

But if to manumit a slave was to lay violent hands on civil institutions, the Apostle nevertheless, as we believe, would not have hesitated to enjoin the manumission of slaves, had he believed slavery to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity. He would have reproved it with as little scruple as he reproved the worship of idols. Idolatry made a part of the civil government. To refuse attendance in the national temples was an offence to the laws. Did the Apostle hesitate to denounce idolatry? We are commanded to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's—tribute to whom tribute is due.—But it is not due to Caesar to commit sin. Every sin is condemned. If to hold a slave is a sin, it was as open to reproof as worshipping an idol. In forbearing to reprove it, through his whole ministry, the Apostle was grievously neglecting his duty. But he could not have disregarded the duties of his ministry or failed in fighting the good fight to which he had devoted his whole life. The only alternative conclusion is that the opinion which

makes slavery inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity is a dogma of modern invention, and a corruption of Christian doctrine. It is false, or the Apostles were unfaithful.

You say that the Apostles did not lay imprudent hands on civil institutions, but gave precepts that would bring about the suppression of all abuses, and you intimate that for this cause they laid no injunction on masters to manumit their slaves. Why then have you not followed the Apostle's example? His silence is full of meaning. It means that his disciples are not to say what he refrained from saying. In teaching what he has not taught, are you not incurring the anathema on those who preach any other gospel than he preached? Why do you advise where he forbore? If to advise manumission is laying violent hands on civil institutions, why do you lay violent hands on civil institutions—on those too of a distant people with whom you have no immediate concern? Are you not doing more? Are you not laying imprudent hands on the orderings of God's Providence?—Is it not probable, fellow Christians, that God's overruling will has brought to North America these

millions of Africans for some good purpose? May you not safely trust the event to his wisdom and to the precepts that you say are to bring about the suppression of all abuses? Will your interference quicken their operation or give shape to God's purposes? When you go a long way off to do the work of others may you not be neglecting your own? We think this consideration has some weight and is entitled to your serious attention.

Would it not be wiser then to leave this whole social question of negro slavery in North America to those who are most deeply concerned, to whom Providence has assigned it, who know it best, who are, in all respects, better fitted than you can be, for meeting its difficulties? Your American brethren, we venture to assure you, are as sincere Christians, as anxious to do their duty, as quick to see it, as those who give them counsel. We say it with no lack of respect, or kindness, or just appreciation of the friendly intentions that have produced your letter. But we fear, nevertheless, that you have only added another illustration to the truth of the maxim, "*ne accesseris in concilium antequam vocaris.*"

SONG.

Where honey suckles breathe perfume,
And warm, soft, sunny rays are shining,
Where jessamines in clusters bloom,
Their tendrils round oak-sprigs entwining ;
Here sitting oft, as in a trance,
I dream of her whom most I cherished,
Her gentle mien and tender glance,
With whom love, hope, ambition perished.
'Tis but a dream, a vision bright,
In the deep night of sadness gleaming,
As transient as the meteors' light,
One moment, but a moment beaming :
And yet it gladdens me the while
O'er the swift course of life's dark river,
Casting the sunshine of a smile,
Which, sudden quenched, is gone forever.

ESTCOURT:

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECRET HAND.

At the moment when Frank Hay rushed forth into the storm, bent upon discovering and protecting the young girl who had so abruptly abandoned his apartment, Estcourt, sitting in the old Library room at Fairfield, leaned his pale brow upon one hand, and for a time seemed to yield himself to a flood of memories and dreams.

In vain did the storm roar without. The murky lightning divided with its forked tongue the gathering darkness unseen. The pale thinker neither raised his head nor looked forth for an instant upon the bowed trees and the black clouds.

It was that terrible anniversary of which he had spoken—and, for the moment, Estcourt appeared to be dead to the real world; his eyes, fixed and absent, appeared to gaze upon past scenes—his lips moved and uttered only disjointed words, half sentences or weary sighs.

"Well, well," he murmured at last, raising his head and smiling sadly, "I dwell too much on this. I must banish these haunting thoughts and recollections—I forget that the actual world of the present calls upon me—that I have duties to myself and others. I think with the passing years I grow less and less despairing—I even dream that this visit will be the last—that some great change in my life comes. Who knows?"

He remained for half an hour

silent and immovable, then rising to his feet:

"I will go and find if I am wrong," he said.

The storm, which still thundered without, seemed to give him no uneasiness—even no thought; and summoning a servant, he ordered his horse Bogus to be brought to the door.

Fifteen minutes afterwards he was in the saddle, sweeping in a rapid gallop toward the house in the woods.

As the distance diminished, and fled backward beneath the hoofs of his rapid animal, and the small cottage for a moment appeared in the distance, indistinct in the fast coming darkness, Estcourt's gloom seemed to return—he no longer smiled. Deep sighs issued from his trembling lips, and more than once the words "poor, poor Frances!" betrayed the direction of his thoughts. Other murmured words showed that his memory was again busy with the past—with those happy scenes of his youth which he had narrated to the painter—it was plain that the solitary being thus breasting the fury of the storm, thought neither of the roaring thunder, the drenching rain, or the terrible lightning—far away, in other scenes, and under a serene heaven, he clasped the hand of a woman whom he loved, and smiled as he looked into her eyes.

The speed of his horse was so great that Estcourt soon passed

over the few miles which separated him from the lonely cottage, and ere long it rose as it were from the foliage, and came towards him, nearly shrouded in darkness, and illuminated only by the vivid lightning flashes.

All at once, Estcourt checked his horse, nearly throwing the animal upon his haunches. As he did so, a sort of shudder passed over his frame—through the window of *the room*, he saw a light burning.

"Pshaw!" he murmured, passing one hand over his pale brow, "I am really a child, or my nerves are deranged. True, I forbade old Job to carry a light thither ever, or even so much as to enter the room—but doubtless 'tis some accident!"

He then put spurs to his horse, and rapidly arriving at the gate dismounted, securing the bridle to a drooping bough.

As he approached the small portico, his spurs striking upon the paved way, Estcourt's piercing glance plunged through the half closed shutters, and another shudder convulsed his frame, far more violent than before. He thought that he saw a shadow on the wall. For a moment he remained motionless—then summoning all his strength hastily opened the outer door, then the door of the apartment.

He did not pass the threshold. The sight which met his distended eyes seemed to paralyze him—and pale, trembling, drawing labored and convulsive breaths, he leaned against the embrasure of the door, as though he were about to faint.

The spectacle which he witnessed was indeed calculated to try his nerves to the utmost. The apartment was not untenanted—but its tenant appeared to have arisen from the dead. The portrait seemed to have stepped from its frame and descended to its customary seat

while living. Before Estcourt, full in the light of a lamp placed upon the table, and further lit up by the ruddy blaze of burning wood in the fire place, sat the woman who had been dead for a score of years—the woman or her spirit—in her hands the moth eaten lace which she had laid down, to go and die—wrapped around her the peculiar blue scarf of the portrait—on her lips the same sad smile—in her blue eyes the same sweetness—on her auburn hair, falling in profuse curls, the same golden light, which dwelt forever in the memory of the man who now gazed upon the frightful scene, trembling and apparently about to lose his senses.

Shudder after shudder passed over Estcourt's frame as he looked; his wild eyes glowed like flame in his pallid countenance, and the solid oak of the door seemed to crack beneath the convulsive clutch of his hand.

Suddenly he retreated a step—the figure had risen and turned toward him, with an air of embarrassment and fright.

"Frances!" escaped in a terrible whisper from Estcourt's lips.

"Yes, sir," said the figure, blushing, "that is my name—not Miss Felton. I do not know how you discovered it—I suppose Mr. Hay told you. I was out in the storm, and took refuge here. I am very, very sorry, sir, to see you so much distressed—my unfortunate likeness to the portrait I fear has moved you—some one who was dear to you—."

Estcourt passed his hand over his forehead, dripping with cold perspiration, and breathed heavily. For some moments he looked silently at the young girl—taking in every detail of her person—the melancholy sweetness of lips and eyes—the modest drooping head—the attitude full of maidenly innocence

and purity. As she stood thus before him, he at once recognized the young actress—and sighing deeply, he advanced with a low bow, and held out his hand.

"You have rightly supposed, madam," he said, "that your resemblance to the portrait here startled me. The original of that picture was a very dear—friend. You are very welcome to my poor roof, believe me. And now may I ask you a question? Whence did you procure that scarf and costume—the sight of it pains me deeply."

"I am very, very sorry, sir," replied the young woman, "but I am scarcely to blame. I took shelter here from the storm, and was kindly received by an old negro woman, who made the fire for me and supplied me with dry clothing, my own being drenched."

"A negro woman?"

"There she is, sir."

And Frances pointed to the door where an old woman, with a white handkerchief around her head, was smiling and curtsying. Estcourt sternly demanded of the woman why she had entered this apartment, but after hearing her explanation, his displeasure vanished—the crime was plainly unintentional. Old Job had been taken very sick on the day before, and the old negro woman, who lived on a neighboring plantation, had come to nurse the patriarch. To her had the young girl proffered her plea for shelter, and the old lady had in the most matter of fact way kindled a fire in the fire place—lit the lamp, and ransacking an old chest of drawers, brought forth a change of apparel, which she declared with a smile very old fashioned, but dry and comfortable. She had then bustled out to get some supper for the "poor lorn child," whose sad look moved her sympathies—and during this interval, while Frances

was looking with strange curiosity at the moth eaten lace, Estcourt had entered.

The explanation had just been finished, when the front door of the mansion was violently thrown open and Mr. Frank Hay appeared upon the threshold.

"Thank heaven, you are safe!" he cried, drawing a long breath, and taking off his dripping hat, then suddenly seeing Estcourt, he exclaimed, "Why cousin!—how in the world—! *you* here in this storm!"

"Yes," said the elder, with a sad smile, "it seems like a family reunion! A singular series of chances, indeed—but how is it that I find you here, Frank. The explanation of *my* presence is very simple—the mansion is my property. This young lady, also, by some misfortune, has been caught in the storm—but you——."

"I followed her!" cried Frank, with a laugh, "and I'm glad she's safe. My dear Miss Felton—no, Miss Frances Temple!—why *did* you leave my roof, that is, my lodgings? You distress me extremely."

Before the girl could reply, Estcourt interrupted her.

"Temple, did you say?" he exclaimed, turning to the young man, "did you say——?"

"That this is Miss Frances Temple, cousin? Yes—she signed her true name to a note left in my apartment."

"Frances Temple!" said Estcourt, gazing fixedly at the girl, "is that your name Miss?"

"Yes, sir—my true name."

"Your parents were——"

"My father's name was Robert and my mother's Ann. They died in the province of Massachusetts Bay, but I believe I was born in the South, sir."

"You are my cousin!" said Estcourt, with a smile of pleasure.

"Strange! But before I explain, tell me how you could possibly have come to be an actress?"

With this demand, the young girl, thrilling with a vague wonder and agitation, hastened to comply. The narrative was not a long one. Her parents had been reduced to utter poverty by a ruinous commercial enterprise, rashly undertaken by Mr. Temple, and thus, when a little child, the girl had been thrown upon the tender mercies of some cold and selfish acquaintances rather than friends. Frances, at length, became the property as it were of an ancient maiden lady, of sour temper, who forced her to do the sewing of the entire household, and treated her with the most cruel neglect. Half supplied only with coarse and unwholesome food, and compelled to labor almost day and night, the girl's spirit had been, at the end of some years, almost completely broken; and in despair, she had looked around her for some means of escaping from her cruel mistress. At last this chance occurred. A company of strolling players visited the village, and it suddenly flashed upon her mind that she might be engaged to keep the wardrobes of the actors in good order with her needle. She lost no time in applying on the last evening of the company's stay, and manager Bilks readily assented, imagining, most probably, that the girl would be of use to him in other ways—and that, having once gotten her in his power, he would be her master. The bargain was, therefore, soon concluded, and early on the next morning the girl escaped, carefully concealed in one of the vans of the company. She had fulfilled her duties as seamstress for a year, travelling everywhere; and finally the actors came to Williamsburg. Here, for the first time, Mr. Bilks compelled her

to appear as an actress. She could not act, said the poor girl, sobbing, and she knew Mr. Bilks would punish her if she stayed. She was taken away by Mr. Hay, but could not—

"There, there, cousin Frances," said Estcourt, who had listened with deep astonishment, "do not further distress yourself. At last your troubles are all ended now. Strange!—but it is true—you are my relative. You are also the relative of the original of that portrait, who was my cousin."

Estcourt's eyes were fixed for a moment on the picture, but they quickly returned to the face of the girl, from which it scarcely seemed possible for him now to divert his gaze.

"Why what a strange likeness between the portrait and cousin Frances," cried Frank, agitated, but supremely happy, "for you know, cousin, she's kin to me too, if she is to you!"

"Yes," said Estcourt briefly.

"I say, cousin," said Frank, "who was that on the wall so like Frances! and do *you* own this house?"

"Yes—it is my property," returned the other, "see the storm is gradually passing off."

"But you have not answered my question?"

"Your question—oh, yes! You asked who painted that picture, did you not? His name was Denner, if I recall it rightly."

Frank laughed.

"Why, I must be very stupid," he said, "I can't express myself. I asked you who that was a portrait of up there—hanged if she isn't like me, too, as well as Frances! Her name, cousin."

"A Miss Dew," returned Estcourt, coolly, "an old friend of mine, Frank!"

"I'd swear I had seen her

some where!" said the young man, gazing at the picture, "could I—"

"No," said Estcourt, cold and gloomy, "she died before you were—before you had passed your infancy—some twenty years ago."

"Did she—that is strange! And you own this house? Singular I never knew it!"

"Yes, it is mine."

"I say," said Frank, laughing again, "what a jolly looking old place it is! Looks as old as the hills—and there's a book on the floor!"

The young man caught up, as he spoke, the volume lying open upon the carpet. As he did so, a stifled sound issued from Estcourt's lips, and he half extended his hand to take the book from the hands of his companion.

"Why, it's a Bible!" said Frank, who had not observed this movement, "and here are two verses marked in pencil: 'Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me.'"

"Poor thing!" said Frank, passing, as was his wont, from laughter to sadness, "'the floods overflow me!'" Then she must have been unhappy."

Estcourt made no reply. Shading his eyes with his hands, as though the light were painful, his gaze rivetted itself with a strange intensity upon the careless young man—a gaze full of pensive and mournful tenderness.

"Why, I can't close it!" cried Frank, "I can't shut the book. It must have lain here a long time! And the leaves are dropping to pieces!"

As he spoke the young man turned the decayed leaves, which

crumbled beneath his fingers, falling in yellow scraps to the floor. As he came to the fly leaf, some faded writing attracted his attention.

"*'To my own Frances,'*" he read, "signed '*Edmund.*' Was that you, cousin, and was *her* name Frances too?"

"Yes," said Estcourt, in a low tone.

"Well, wonders never end—and you must pardon me, cousin, for my thoughtlessness. I did not think—I am so foolish—that the original of the portrait—Miss Dew, did you say?—that she was more to you than a friend. I now see that you loved her," said Frank, in a low, grave tone.

"Well, well," said Estcourt, with a long sigh, "let us not rake into the past, my boy. I have my fancies, and they often astonish people. Let us come back to realities."

Then turning to the young girl who had listened to the colloquy between himself and Frank with a timid and pensive look:

"Frances," he said gently, "I will tell you to-morrow of your family, to whom you are so strangely reunited, and announce to you a piece of good fortune, which will render you quite independent of any disagreeable toil. Now Frank is going to remain with you here until I go to my house and return in my carriage. Then we will all go to the house of a friend of mine in Williamsburg, who will give you a warm welcome. His name is Gilbert, and his sister keeps a children's school—an excellent lady. No, you must not think you give me trouble. There! I shall soon return."

And going out, Estcourt mounted his horse—made his way through the last mutterings of the storm

to Fairfield, and ordered his chariot.

Two hours afterwards, Francis was delivered into the hands of smiling little Miss Gilbert, and Estcourt was on his way back to Fairfield.

He stopped at the cottage, and having paid old Job, who was afflicted with the rheumatism, a friendly visit, paused, as he passed, in the apartment now so wholly changed.

Sitting in the chair which *she* had occupied in old days, he pondered long and in silence—his

drooping figure illumined only by the fitful gleams of the expiring fire.

At last he rose, and standing, as before, in front of the portrait, gazed at it with a sad smile and sighed. Then saluting it as though it were a living woman:

"Farewell," he said, "and if your spirit can hear me—love, pardon—these tears, you see, are happy ones!"

And, closing the door, Estcourt issued forth and entered his chariot. His presentiments had been verified—the past was already dead; the new life came ever then.

CHAPTER XV.

ESTCOURT'S JOURNAL.

June had come, in royal splendor to the South, and at Fairfield all its glory seemed to be emptied, as from a brimming cornucopia, upon the rich world; the world of field and forest, hill and river. In the brilliant morning the bright landscape almost laughed for joy at its own beauty, mirrored in the warm, rippling stream—the noons were full of languid loveliness—the sunsets went away across majestic woods, fading with a pensive sadness as they left the beautiful scene, and the winds of evening sighed into the night.

One of these grand orange sunsets was slowly waning into gloom at Fairfield. On the old fashioned portico Estcourt was sitting and reading.

It was a singularly bound volume, with silver clasps—and glancing over his shoulder, we perceive instead of print, pages of closely written manuscript. It is the story of the reader's life—the depository of his thoughts, his memories, and his dreams; the book is Estcourt's

journal. His eye now follows pensively some lately written lines. Let us read with him:

* * * "Strange! A month or two seems to have wholly changed my nature—a great influence alone could have modified my character so marvelously. I scarcely dare to breathe it—even to think the thought; but—but—am I again in the toils of a woman? What an absurdity! how passing strange that I should fancy such a thing after what I have experienced in old days—after all my sorrows, my despair, my broken heart! And yet—it is very strange! I think of her, and no longer, I fear, with simple courtesy and friendship! I dare not let the thought lodge in my mind that I love her!—I dare not say I do *not* love her!

"Surely to love her would be doubly fatal. She has enslaved Frank—and even though I were to conquer my own morbid fear of woman, and consent to trust my bark again upon the dangerous seas of love, I should be forever pre-

vented from uttering a word of that description to this lady by affection for my boy. I, the rival of Frank! I, Edmund Estcourt, who held that woman to my heart, and nearly lost my senses when I gazed upon her cold, pale face—I, who loved the dead mother so, to place myself now in an attitude of hostility to the child—the child whom I swore to guard and be a father to!—'tis monstrous! Edmund the rival of the son of Frances!—let me not dream of such a possibility! Sooner would I pluck out the tongue which strove to utter such an emotion!

"But I grow too warm. Let me be calmer, and succinctly place upon record the events which have occurred since I last opened my journal."

Here followed an account of the scene in the small house in the wood. The reader was present at that scene, and it is unnecessary to repeat its details. Estcourt read on:

* * * "I returned then to Fairfield, and had a stormy night—meditating, sighing, almost shedding tears at times, for one does not see as 'twere the woman whom he loved standing before him again, almost in bodily form, without being moved to the depths of his nature. The dress once worn by Frances, and obtained by the young actress so singularly, as it were by a stroke of Providence, impressed me strangely; *that* shape again, in the old room, opened all my wounds afresh. And yet the sight calmed me too, after a time; and, coming again to my quiet old mansion here, I reflected long and profoundly upon the marvellous chain of circumstances, which thus came to connect the past with the present—to draw my life again toward the time gone long, I thought, with all its scenes, into the dust—the dust

resting on the body of a woman once so warm and loving. For twenty years that form had mouldered waiting for the final trump; around the bones, sustaining once that fairest shape, had crept and wrapped themselves the roots of cypress trees; from that bosom, on which once rested this poor feverish head, had sprung for two decades, grass and weeds and flowers; the woman who had loved and left me, had been taken from the earth to heaven so long, and yet, in spite of all this, in defiance of death and fate, there she stood before me—living again, it seemed—holding out her arms and looking at me with the old sad smile!

"But I wander. I would note the wonderful steps by which this came about. * * * * *

* * * The Temples were my and her relatives. The young actress thus chanced to possess the family resemblance—this terrible likeness to *my* Frances. And singularly enough, even before she came hither, her existence had become known to me. By the death of my distant relative and hers, Charles Bulkley, a question had arisen whether I or this young lady should become the owner of his estate; I had chosen to abandon my claim.

Well, this relinquishment has been concealed from her. By an understanding between Mr. Lincoln, my counsel, and Mr. Wythe, on the opposing side, my name is gone completely from the records—I am suppressed—Frances Temple does not know, nor will she know, that there is any other claimant to this sum of money. The advantages of this course are manifold. It removes from her mind the sense of obligation—always an oppressive feeling, and her anxieties are set at rest. She need not act any longer,

—she has quite enough to live in the way best suited to her wishes, and already the poor dove plainly begins to grow more cheerful and happy with the new-found sensation of independence and security. She is permanently domiciled at good Mrs. Gilbert's, whose excellent sister has conceived a strong affection for her. Miss Gilbert assiduously pursues her training and education, and tells me that her progress is wonderfully rapid, showing, indeed, natural abilities of the first order. At the end of a year, Miss Gilbert thinks that she will be fully competent to become her assistant in every branch of the school, and this assurance seems to give Frances the utmost pleasure and happiness.

"I have been to see her every week since our strange meeting; indeed, I think I must have been there oftener—a score of times it may be. Mr. Frank attends still more frequently; and yesterday he told me, with the bright smile and blush which are so becoming in him, that he believed he would fall in love with her.

"But you have already one sweetheart," I said, with a smile which concealed a sinking heart. "I thought you admired some other young lady."

"I did at one time," said Frank, with another blush, "but you know, cousin, you advised me against that—I mean you commanded me. Miss Crafton, you remember."

"I was caught in my own toils—out of my own mouth he convicted me of inconsistency.

"I was quite in earnest when I advised you not to pay your addresses to Miss Crafton, Frank," I replied with some austerity, "it did not, nor does it now, comport with my wishes that any one connected with myself, as you are, my dear

boy, should form an alliance with the Craftons. But I did not lay my command upon you. You are too old to make such a course justifiable. I simply expressed my wishes."

"My blundering reply ended here, and Frank said, with his look full of sweetness and affection:

"You know, cousin, that there is no need to command me to do anything—the mere expression of your wish is quite enough to govern me. If ever I disregard it, 'twill be from an excess of feeling which I am unable to resist. I will try and not think of Miss Crafton—indeed, I have not thought so much of her lately, and I had the honor but now to inform your lordship," he added with a smile, "that I designed bestowing my affection upon Miss Temple."

"With these words, Frank ran up the steps of Miss Gilbert's house, toward which we had advanced during this colloquy, and with a joyous hand made the old knocker resound upon the panel. I suppressed the agitation which seized upon me, and following the boy, soon found myself in the presence of Frances.

"She was clad with the most graceful simplicity, and for the time I discerned in her carriage that indefinable something which we call, for the want of a better word, *high breeding*. I trust I'm no vulgar aristocrat, but I think the influence of 'blood' is as plain in men and women as in animals. I have never seen the colt of a plough-horse become a racer. I have rarely, if ever, seen a noble son spring from an ignoble sire. The absurd error lies, to carry out my illustration, in supposing that the rich housings and delicate nurture of the race horse constitute his superiority. In all classes of socie-

ty it is the *stock*, whether in high or low station, which determines all. As we say, 'the strain will show.' Well, this high bred air displayed itself in every movement, every look and tone and word of Frances Temple. She received us—Frank and myself—with the most winning amiability—the most cordial affection. Her beautiful eyes beamed with pleasure, as she looked into my poor melancholy face, and I think I feel now the pressure of her taper fingers—soft, warm fingers, which I am sure did not close thus around the hands of those whom their mistress did not love. Yes, I think she loves me—but—but—she is, or will be soon, *in love with Frank*. There is the sad, the woful thing for me—since I murmur to myself with a vague terror that I no longer have a mere affection for her; day by day she has come to be more and more, the guiding star of my life!

"We had a pleasant interview; dear Frank's tongue running on with the most brilliant gaiety and grace. I sat by and smiled, and I think something of melancholy must have mingled with this smile, for Frances turned from Frank at last and said, with her simplest and sweetest look:

"Something troubles you, cousin?"

"Troubles me!" I echoed, 'why do you suppose so?'

"You look very sad."

"And her glance, full of the sweetest affection, dwelt for a moment upon my face. I felt my heart throb as she thus looked at me—'twas the same face, the same smile, the poise of the head, and figure, as in the old day, when I loved her namesake.

"Sad," I echoed again, 'do I look sad? That is because I am growing old, Frances; you know

I'm not young—I am thirty-eight years old, and at thirty-eight one has generally become sobered. You must not expect to find in me, as in Frank, a rush of spirits. I'm a thoughtful old gentleman; and sometimes I sigh and think my thoughts. But I love young people, and I wish you and Frank would laugh on and amuse me.'

"Now, cousin," cried Frank, 'how can you be talking in that way! Really a person would think you were Methusaleh! Isn't he a gallant young cavalier, cousin Frances?'

"Yes," said the girl, with a blush, 'I should not think you as old as thirty, cousin Edmund, except for your sad smile.'

"Thirty!" cried Frank, 'why he's not more than twenty-one when he's laughing; and then his lordship's grand air makes him resemble Buckingham, or some of those splendid noblemen I've seen pictures of—the stars of the *haute noblesse*! I tell you again, cousin,' cried the foolish boy, laughing, 'that I should not like to have you for a rival! Don't you think it would be dangerous, cousin Frances?' he added, turning to the girl. Her expression of maiden diffidence came back, and, with some color in her cheek, she said, smiling, that she did not know—she must think. I see her now with that blush in her cheeks, and the arch glance accompanying her words. My only reply was, that there was no danger of my ever becoming, under any circumstances, the rival of Frank, and then, leaving the young people together, I strolled away with an easy smile, and came hither to sigh, and ponder, and ask myself if I am not, in sentiment at least, already the rival of my boy.

"I know not, but I think that I

shall soon grow to love her in any case. Then, what is my path of honor? Let me not disguise the actual fact—conceal from myself the issue forced upon me. I, Edmund Estcourt, the lover of Frances Dew, love Frances Temple, who is beloved by the son of the woman who broke my heart—but whose child I took, swearing to

love, watch over, and protect him. That is the plain issue, and what remains for me? I see. I will never breathe a syllable of my feelings to this child—I will place her hand in Frank's. Let my heart break, and be crushed like a worthless shell—I defy destiny to strike from my tombstone the inscription: "EDMUND ESTCOURT, GENTLEMAN!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MASK OF THE ACTOR.

The glory of the summer deepened and grew more intense—the foliage assumed a darker tint of emerald—the sky glowed with a more dazzling blue, and the songs of the busy harvesters came, sad and slow, like the long melancholy swell of pensive sighs across the hills and fields, dying away finally into the "harvest home," which told that the golden grain would wave no more in the wind until another year. The "harvest moon" looked down on bare fields now, and June was dead. At last came August—the month of great white clouds, and imperial sunsets—the crowning hours of the rich summer, soon to fade away into the yellow autumn—the month of reveries and dreams on the banks of shadowy streams, or beneath the old majestic trees of silent forests.

August dowered Fairfield with its richest influences, and the mansion was no longer silent. Estcourt had guests, and these guests were Gilbert, his sister, Frances and Frank. Miss Gilbert's school had terminated its yearly session a short time before, and as Frances seemed to suffer from the confinement of the town, Estcourt had suggested a change of scene and air. The result was that his bachelor domicile

a week afterwards found itself in possession of four guests, two of whom were ladies. As to Mr. Frank, that young gentleman had teased Mr. Lincoln into giving him a holiday—chiefly by means of the earnestly urged argument that he would be able to study to vastly more advantage in the country. The study which he pursued at Fairfield, was, however, completely confined to one subject—the color of Miss Frances Temple's eyes. In those two dangerous volumes he was accustomed to read, throughout almost every hour of every day, with ever increasing interest and ardor.

Whilst the "young people," as Estcourt called them, with a smile, amused themselves in a hundred ways, the master of the domain and his friend Gilbert were thrown constantly with each other.

Gilbert seemed more than ever absorbed in the study of his companion; and his piercing eyes dwelt at times upon Estcourt's face with the strangest and most puzzled air, as though he were attempting to solve some problem which constantly baffled him.

One morning the two men were walking out, and conversing upon some indifferent subject, when the

portrait painter suddenly changed the topic by the abrupt words:

"When do you design making your first appearance at Drury Lane, Estcourt?"

His companion turned and looked at him with some surprise, then, with a smile, he said:

"I have long since given up in despair the attempt to comprehend you, my dear Gilbert. You speak like the oracle of Delphi."

"Perhaps; but I repeat my question. When you do make your appearance, I think I will cross the ocean to see you act."

"Act? Oh! now I think I understand," said Estcourt, bracing himself for the struggle which he clearly saw was about to take place, "you think I would make a good actor! Why, my dear Gilbert, you really make me laugh! True, I *might* suit *Hamlet*, in one point of view; I am naturally pale and sad-looking, but then how could I—"

"Find an *Ophelia*?" interrupted Gilbert, "I'll undertake to supply that character."

"You?"

"Yes, I'd *draught* our young friend Miss Frances for the *part*; you see I speak by the book."

And Gilbert looked intently into his friend's face. Estcourt's reply was a laugh and the words;

"She has perhaps acted *Ophelia* already, and your idea is a good one."

"I do not suggest Miss Frances on the ground of her familiarity with acting," said Gilbert, returning to the attack.

"Why then? True I think my little sister—did I tell you I intended to adopt her?—true, Frances is pretty, but why should she play *Ophelia* in my *Hamlet*, unless—"

"Your little sister?" said Gil-

bert coolly, "pahaw! I tell you in the words of the Prince of Denmark:

"You love *Ophelia*! forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up your sum!"

And with an expression of triumph, Gilbert fixed his penetrating glance upon his companion's face.

Estcourt laughed almost heartily.

"Is it possible my sapient friend that you dreamed such a thing?" he said.

"Yes I have—moreover I have seen it."

"In a vision of the night!"

"No! in open day. Your affected gaiety does not deceive me. Really!—such dissimulation is immoral!"

And the grumbling and disappointed student of human nature seemed to regard Estcourt's laughter as a personal insult.

"Do you deny that you love Frances Temple?" he added abruptly.

"Certainly not," was the smiling reply, "I love her very dearly, and she will make Frank an excellent wife!"

"You wish her to marry him?"

"Why not, Mr. Scowler?"

"I asked for a reply!"

"You look as if you had demanded my money or my life!"

"Very well," said Gilbert, muttering to himself, "reply as you choose, or refuse to reply—I am not the less convinced that you are dead in love with Frances Temple!"

"And I am convinced that, philosophically speaking, *Gilbert* and *absurdity* are synonymous terms."

"Estcourt!" said the painter, "do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, certainly not."

"And yet you suppose I'm the dupe of your comedy?"

"Ah! I'm draughted to a comedy part, am I? Just now it was tragedy! Permit me to suggest a drama in which you, my dear Gilbert, would appear with conspicuous ability, I think, 'Much ado about Nothing!'"

"Hum! and you think that's wit! But I defy you to deny my charge."

"That I'm, technically speaking, *in love with Miss Frances?*"

"Yes."

"Suppose, instead of denying it, I prove the absurdity of your idea?"

"I defy you to."

"Well, here comes Frances and my youngster. Watch me now, my dear imaginator of chimeras."

As Estcourt spoke, Frank and the young girl approached the friends, and in a moment Frances came and held out her soft hand to her cousin. Estcourt pressed it in his own, and, looking with a smile into the fair face, said:

"How is my child to-day?"

"Thank you, cousin, I am very well," replied the girl with the faint blush which came habitually to her cheek when she was addressed.

"And you, my dear boy?" added Estcourt, "you really look radiant my dear Frank."

"I'm as gay as a lark!" replied Mr. Frank, casting a glance upon the young lady, the meaning of which could not be mistaken.

Estcourt greeted this look with a smile, and said:

"Well, well, enjoy yourselves my dear children—be happy while you may! Youth is the season of happiness, and though you may not understand me, it is still true that the sun does not shine, or the flowers bloom, so sweetly at forty as they do at eighteen. I'm an old gentleman, my little Frances, and

will duly supply you with advice, as an elder brother should!"

And with an easy turn of the head, Estcourt exchanged glances with Gilbert.

"We old gentlemen are discussing moral philosophy," added the speaker, smiling, "a subject which would not interest you young people. Continue your walk, and permit me to say, master Frank, that I consider you deficient in gallantry. When I was a young fellow I always walked hand in hand with my female cousins!"

"Did you, sir?" stammered Frank, blushing and looking bashful.

"Indeed I did. Take Frances' hand this moment, sir! I lay my commands upon you."

Mr. Frank obeyed in a rather hesitating manner, and a rosy blush diffused itself over the cheeks of the young lady, who laughed and tried to withdraw her hand.

"Don't be defeated, Frank!" said Estcourt laughing, "and see that delicious shade yonder on the lawn, beneath the great oak, get Petrarch's love sonnets, from the Library, and read some to Laura—Frances I mean. Remember that 'tis your place to amuse the young ladies!"

Mr. Frank laughed and strolled away, holding the young lady's hand, with an air of some confusion, but not a disagreeable confusion.

"And remember the ride you promised my little sister," called Estcourt, "the view from the top of the hill yonder is beautiful and romantic in the extreme. I'm an old gentleman, taken up with business, and can't find time to entertain Frances."

With these words, Estcourt turned away, and as they disappeared said to his friend, with a smile:

"Where is your theory now, my dear Gilbert, do I greatly resemble a lover, think you?"

"You resemble what you are!" grumbled Gilbert, "the greatest actor that ever came into the world, or I am a fool. That's all I have to say."

"Oh, no! you do yourself injustice," returned Estcourt, "you are

one of the most brilliant thinkers I have ever known, and don't you perceive that 'tis this very subtlety of mind which misleads you.—How could you imagine anything so absurd, as a rivalry between myself and Frank! You are clearly defeated—are you not now?"

"We shall see," muttered the painter, "wait!"

FOREST FANCIES.

"Here is pansies, that's for thoughts."—HAMLET.

I have been musing in the fields and woods,
Revolving many things. A sultry noon
Had passed and left an aching sense behind
Of pressure on my brain. The oppressive heat
Was cooling fast, and through the atmosphere
The west wind shook his spiritual wings.
I went into the fields—the balmy fields!
O'er the green meadows, where the grasses grow,
And all the rustic weeds: paused by the brook
That moralizing goes, and pondered there;
Loitered awhile in the romantic vales,
And courted meditation in the gloom
Of the monastic woods.

Amongst the corn,
Blithely the summer birds hopped everywhere,
Chirping, at intervals, a sudden note,
Or chattering, in pleasant companies,
Incessantly. The sprightly mocking bird
Talked like a courtly beau; the graver thrush
Sung in sententious pauses, briefly, then
Was wisely silent. Whistled the black bird,
A shrill voice and satirical, at times,
From a thin poplar tree, as if he laughed
At fools for very nutriment, and lived,
Observingly, the Jacques of the woods.

There is a by-path in the meadows which
Leads to a lovely lake. A group of lilies,
Fair as the limbs of bathing loveliness,
Bend bashfully above the shaded waters.
They look like virgins timidly disporting
In vested holiness within the pool.
The dimness of a solitude surrounds them;
And yet they start, and seem to whisper when
A breath uplifts the leaves. Their images,
As tremulous as if with life endued,
Inverted lie beneath, blent with the rose
Of the reflected sky. As still as death,
And yet more lovely far than painted life,
This solitary place. These sinless flowers,
So mingled with the sunset glassed below,

Seem they not Angels sent to visit earth,
With Heaven on their track ?

Yet farther on,
A thing contorted and with darkness crowned
Repels the view. A bough projected far,
And like the cross-wise sitting of a shape,
In human mould conceived, obstructs the lake.
Behind, a massive trunk, rounded and hairy,
Sits lazily upon a mound of clay.
Above is shaggy foliage, branching wide,
Russet, with vivid glimpses interspersed
Of rarest green. And over all a beard
Of patriarchal moss, depending low,
Waves white and venerable in the wind.
Even such a tree, did, in the ancient days,
The fancy make a rude Divinity
And throne it in the hills. The Satyr God,
The father of the Naiades and Fauns,
Whose pipings made the solitudes of old
Ring out the echoes of uncounted years,
Responsive to his rustic minstrelsy !

I wandered through the forest, dimly lit
By the descending sun. A grove of oaks,
Amphitheatrical, eclipsed the flush
Of day vanishing. Clad in the haze
Of evening, countless boughs stood in the air
Like spectres. These, for lattices, seemed carved
By the weird architects who labor
At dead of night to vex the holy stars.
A solemn arch, majestically high,
Fronted the East, and made an oriel there,
Where shone the gorgeous crystals of the Heavens.
A curving break, in the o'erhanging foliage,
Disclosed the moon, pearl-pencilled in the sky.
Transparent in its outline—floating far—
A crescent shell, fair as an infant's smile,
Gleaming thro' slumber ! I bethought me, then,
Of silver brows, mingled with memories
Which are the plumes of youth, of eyes that haunt
The soul in busy manhood, calling back
The freshness and the glory of the years
Almost forgotten ; of sad melodies,
Heard somewhere in the past, that dripped like dew
Into the aching brain, and, trickling down,
Sprinkled the heart with tears ; of a pale boy,
The meek companion of my childish hours,
Who wore a crimson flower on his cheeks
That withered up his life—and how I stole,
One summer night, to his sequestered grave,
With violets and roses overgrown,
And, in my superstitious fancy, saw
A queenly figure, garmented in snow,
And crowned of ice, communing with the stars !

But musing thus, came suddenly a shade,
Deep as the night and with harsh noises fraught.
I glanced up, and the rooks—the reverend rooks—
Had crowded all the boughs. Silence returned,
But in the scene I saw, nor oak, nor grove,
Nor birds of evil omen ; but an old pile
Of Gothic structure, rude, yet richly wrought—
Monarchical in grandeur—still and grey.
The dusk of days autumnal in the past
Guarded its mighty aisles. Quaint histories,

Wild legends of the saints and martyrs gone,
 And monumental statuary stood
 Blent with the pictured walls; while, here and there,
 Slow-moving in the mystery of gloom,
 Dim Benedictines, over bell and book,
 Muttered low masses for the dead, and sung,
 'Twixt whiles, a chant oracular! The wind
 Was prisoned for an organ, in this place;
 And when it rose, sonorous and sublime,
 The hooded figures bent their holy heads
 As if in silent prayer—the oriel moved,
 And darkened suddenly!—the statues fell—
 The pictures started from the sculptured walls—
 And, with a rushing of tumultuous wings,
 The dreamy panorama passed away.

Go ye into the woods and muse awhile,
 The sore-perplexed, the unhappy and the lost,
 Or racked or riven—bleeding from a thorn—
 Go ye into the woods and muse awhile;
 For it hath cure for crosses, medicine
 For pain, and promises even for despair.
 Go forth into the fields and take the hues
 Of its pure blossoms deep into your hearts;
 Drink from the lily—taste the blushing rose—
 And, by the sky-embracing lake, invoke
 The images of Peace, the lays of Love,
 The wealth of Meditation, and the forms
 Of spiritual Beauty, Go ye there!—
 For, if ye cannot read a simple flower,
 Nor love a star, nor linger on a sound,
 Nor feel, for once, a sympathy with things,
 Ye are of those—the dull and stubborn-hearted—
 Who fall with Adam, to be cursed through Cain!

THE MERCHANT.

In our country the occupation of the merchant is every day becoming more important; a still widening field is opening to intelligent enterprise; the necessity of a more comprehensive mercantile education is becoming apparent, and as the operations of trade increase in extent and importance, the solicitude of the thoughtful is turned to the preservation of a high standard of morals, and a nice sense of integrity. No country in the world ever possessed the opportunities of commercial development afforded by our own; and our countrymen have not been remiss in supplying the enterprise, energy,

self-denial, and bravery required to improve the opportunities presented. If in the dust and turmoil created by the intense competition of a young and ardent nation, freed from the prescription and conventionalism of older communities, the garments of our national character have appeared to be soiled, let no superficial observation induce a hasty and unjust judgment; the feverish excitement is passing off, and commerce is daily substantiating its claim to the first place of influence in our land. To most persons it may be surprising that the occupation of the merchant should be thought to need anything said to

support its claim to equality with that of any other in our country, and to do so, seems almost a work of supererogation: but it is undeniable, that there are many—we do not say they are the most intelligent, or are possessed of the most enlarged ideas—who from prejudice or arrogance are disposed to condemn this calling, and consider it so beset with quicksands, that integrity and high moral rectitude can scarcely escape being sunk and lost. If this estimate be correct it is most unfortunate, for commerce is peculiarly in our country an element of immense power, and not unfrequently controls our domestic politics and shapes our foreign relations. Its sensitiveness soonest feels the first blow struck at law and order, and its conservative influence prevails in resisting every species of fanaticism and recklessness, until time is given for reflection and matured judgment. This might seem to justify the old accusation, that lacking generous impulses, it is selfish in its decisions and interested in its judgments. But in the American revolution, no class of men were more self-sacrificing than the merchants. And in our own day, how many examples have we of a liberality more than princely of the merchant princes. Among many, we would name Peabody, who has endowed, in his native town, a seminary which may one day make it a centre of learning and literature. He has appropriated three or four hundred thousand dollars for the establishment, in Baltimore, of an institute of arts and sciences; and wherever he goes he leaves the foot-prints of a comprehensive and enlightened munificence. Acknowledging then, as we must, its influence and daily increasing power, how important that, instead of superciliously decrying commerce, we should seek to ele-

vate and ennoble it! It is true that many may see in the development of our national characteristics, through the agency of commerce, much which they would desire otherwise; but we should be careful how we condemn and indulge in depreciation of national character; for the same earnest devotion to trade will yet, when refined and chastened by a higher education, establish a national character of the first rank. If exhibitions of vice are more frequent, in our country, in the mercantile class than in any other, is it not equally true that in the same class, munificence is more frequently exhibited and virtue more frequently illustrated? This but proves that in the more active avocations of life, principle is more severely tested; vice more liable to exposure; and virtue more strengthened, than in its more quiet walks.

It will not do too closely to scrutinise the first movements of the motives from which spring the bold enterprise and untiring activity of the merchant, any more than it would do to scrutinise the motives of the youthful in any profession. We must judge by the fruits; and judged in this way, its claims in our country can easily be sustained. What class of men have so munificently contributed to charitable and benevolent enterprises? The consenting voice of all large communities in our land would acknowledge, that without the sustaining aid of commerce, their benevolent institutions would lack vitality, and their charitable enterprises would fail. Mere love of accumulation is a mean and sordid passion—pursue pride, the most contracted and narrow delusion—the happiness to be derived from mere possession a despicable cheat—but look around, and you will find no class in our country who seem to understand so well the blessedness to be derived

from giving, as that of the merchants; the school-house, the missionary board, the church, all feel the invigorating influence and the cheering vitality of contact with the brave and self-denying manhood of commerce. And as it has been said, "instead of the spirit of Mammon desecrating, as of old, the temple of divine truth, the spirit of that temple begins to find its way into the seats of trade and commerce." That could not have been a corrupting process of training, or a demoralizing occupation, which formed a character like Amos Lawrence, full of benevolence and liberality; whose biography has been lately published, and would have been more generally enjoyed, if we of the South could have divested our minds of the continually recurring sense of the injustice of our general government in the tariff, which was one of the chief causes of his great wealth. But we have had at home noble examples of conspicuous station—the highest patriotism—the loftiest integrity—the most self-sacrificing public spirit—in three great *Charleston merchants*—*Henry Laurens, Christopher Gadsden, and Gabriel Manigault*. Honored be their memories and their names! they shall never be forgotten, those brave old men! Who that is familiar with their histories would dare to cast reproach on the school in which such characters were formed. Their names should be household words with all the worthy youth of our country, and to refresh the memory of their noble characters we will give a biographical sketch of each, condensed from Ramsay; and our subject could not be better illustrated than by doing so.

Henry Laurens received a mercantile education, and commenced life as a merchant in Charleston. His diligence and knowledge could

not fail of success. He amassed a fortune and went to England to educate his sons. When in 1774 he found that nothing but degrading submission on the part of the colonies would prevent war, he returned to Carolina—resolved to labor for peace, but determined in the last event to stand or fall with his country. The circumstance of leaving England at this crisis, riveted him in the esteem of his countrymen. In the interval between the suspension of royal and the establishment of representative government, he was president of the council of safety, with a full impression that both his fortune and life were staked on the result. He was elected member of Congress in 1776, and appointed president of that body. In 1779 he was appointed minister to Holland, and on his way thither was captured and imprisoned. He was urged to write to his son, Col. Laurens, who was special minister to France, to induce him to withdraw from France, and was assured that doing so would operate in his favor. His reply was, I know him to be a man of honor. He loves me dearly, and would lay down his life to save mine, but I am sure he would not sacrifice his honor to save my life; and I applaud him for it." He was confined fourteen months in the Tower, which undermined his constitution. After his release, he was appointed by Congress one of the commissioners for negotiating a peace, and, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay, signed the preliminaries by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged.

Christopher Gadsden was another native Charleston merchant. In 1759, when Governor Lyttleton made an expedition against the Cherokees, by his influence he raised a company of artillery, and

was appointed Captain, and this was the origin of "*The Ancient Battalion of Artillery*." He was one of the first to take fire at the attempts to abridge the liberties of the colonies. His character was just such, as would have made him a second Hampden, had he lived in the time of Charles. In 1769, he was one of the first to form an association to suspend all importations, and was one of the last to recede from that self-denying mode of obtaining redress. He had just completed the largest wharf in Charleston, which was beginning to yield an interest on the large capital invested in building it. All prospect of reimbursement depended on the continuance of trade, yet he was foremost in urging the adoption of a non-importation and non-exportation agreement. He was a member of Congress in 1774, and every act to which he lent his most active coöperation was calculated to destroy his fortune. He was elected Colonel of the first regiment raised by the provincial Congress. Afterwards he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. When Charleston was surrendered he was Lieutenant Governor, and was elected Governor by the Assembly which met in 1782, but on account of age declined the office. He refused to take the compensations annexed by law, to such offices as were conferred on him.—His character was impressed with the hardihood of antiquity, and he possessed an erect, firm and intrepid mind.

Gabriel Manigault, another Charleston merchant, was remarkable for his integrity and benevolence. His contracts were always performed with such exactness and punctuality that the same confidence was placed in his word as on his bond. He was too old to give personal assistance in the revolu-

tion, but his pecuniary aid was not wanting, and he showed his attachment to the new government by a loan of \$220,000. When, however, Provost appeared before the lines of Charleston, though he was past seventy-five, he equipped himself as a soldier, and caused his grand-son, Joseph Manigault, then only fifteen, to do the same; together they went to the lines, when an attack was every moment expected, and offered their services in defence of the city. At his death he left £5,000 sterling to the South Carolina Society, for the purposes of education; but the most valuable legacy to his native city, was his noble example of a Charleston merchant.

While regarding the career of these gallant patriots and gentlemen, the thought has involuntarily been suggested, are there such amongst us now? We doubt not that there are; pursuing the even tenor of their way, not seeking notoriety, but not shrinking from duty, who would reveal similar traits if similar emergencies afforded the opportunity. In our country at this time, law is considered the aristocratic profession; but in the time of John Locke, it was made a clause in the Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina, that it was "a base and vile thing to plead for money or reward." But intellectual elevation claimed and sustained its appropriate position and dignity; and so ere long will commerce occupy its proper status, and excellence will claim equally the distinction to be drawn as well between the sharper and the honorable merchant as between the pettifogger and the honorable lawyer.

If occasionally we are startled by some striking example of shipwrecked mercantile character, be it remembered that boldly striking out into the open sea, and navigat-

ing the wide ocean of adventure and enterprise, every blast of temptation tries the braces of the rigging, and every wave tests the strength of the hull—while the weak craft may safely pursue its way amid sluggish and smooth waters—conservative it may be, but inefficient in contributing to progression and elevation. Woe betide that character which is unfitted to withstand the buffetings of the boisterous surges and the straining pressure of the wide sea wave; but that noble vessel, which, through many a dark day of storm and trial, bears its rich cargo safely into port, will be hailed with approving acclamations for its tried faithfulness and its tested strength.

We have refrained until now alluding to the highest safeguard to character of which we are capable, and the highest responsibilities which we can possibly acknowledge—a very brief allusion to these may be excused. *Caird*, who was an obscure Scotch Clergyman, has made his name familiar to every pious hearth in Great Britain and America, by a single sermon, "Religion in Common Life." Prince Albert is said to have slept during its delivery, but the man of deeds and of thought, when he has rightly considered its noble sentiments,

will not be disposed to give slumber to his eyelids, until he has looked about him and sought some purification of his motives. This truth is made very plain that the hardest wrought man of trade, or commerce, or handicraft, who spends his days "midst dusky lane or wrangling mart," may yet be most holy and spiritually minded. We are apt to associate in our minds a holy, and an unholy life, with circumstances, arbitrarily considered, as appropriate to the one and the other. Solitude and retirement are deemed appropriate to the former, while to the latter is given the dust and toil and labor of life. But experience and revelation prove that contact with mankind and resistance of temptation, are almost essential to the formation of elevated character. Amidst the turmoil of life, the peace of the Christian can remain undisturbed.—"There are under currents in the ocean, which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down too in its hidden depths there is a region where, even though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness reigns. It is beautifully described as "a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not."

A LOVE SONG.

[JAPANESE.]

Eagerly I long and pine
To look upon that face of thine,
And to speak some words with thee,
But it must not, can not be :
For should it, as it would, be told
At home that I had been so bold
As to see, and speak with thee,
Grief and shame would light on me,
My happy days would then be o'er,
For my good name were gone forevermore

CHEAP LITERATURE—ITS BENEFITS AND INJURIES.

Cultivators of the vine inform us that there is a poisonous herb called the Wolf-grape, which grows in the vineyards and does great mischief to them, by entwining itself around and growing up with the branches and tendrils. It is carefully guarded against, because of its pernicious qualities. And we venture the opinion, that it requires the exercise of great caution, after it has attained considerable size and has spread itself extensively, to separate it from the vines, without material injury to them. The vine-dresser must, after all his care in removing it, regret that he has been compelled to lop off some of the most luxuriant branches of the pure grape vine.

Truth and error, virtue and vice, are the vine and the Wolf-grape of the intellectual and moral world. They have grown together in the vineyard—have intertwined their branches and spread out to each other's embrace their tender shoots. Separation of the one from the other is either impossible or attended with serious injury to the former. The most practised anatomist meets with extreme difficulty in dividing them. And, oftentimes, they are so intermingled and have attained such strength and age, that we are forced to "let both grow together till harvest, lest in rooting out the one we tear up the other also."

Moral subjects are consequently fruitful of more diverse sentiment and greater discord among men than mathematical. They are attended with more serious difficulties in the demonstration, and yield less satisfaction in the conclusion. Bold must be that man who dogmatizes. Nay, *he* is incapable of

reasoning, who will confidently assert that his view or his tenet is pure truth.

We must expect too, therefore, that almost every opinion will have its advocates, because it has in it much of the right and good, which is seen to the exclusion in many cases of the predominating wrong and evil. The fact is that no theory not absolutely absurd, no sentiment not evidently irrational, has been entirely without its supporters, while on the other hand truth has invariably met with strenuous impugnors.

Let us now, in the spirit these remarks must engender, examine a subject of some interest.

The press, in our day, exercises a mighty influence upon the world's character, hitherto unknown; and the question arises how far good and how far evil is the cheap literature it is sending out upon the world? We mean by cheap literature, that class of publications which embraces Reviews, Romances and News—in short, periodical and light literature.

First, how far is it good?

To the shallowest thinker, it is obvious that the uneducated part of mankind, having generally no taste for solid reading, and the poor, denied the means of procuring works of merit, are greatly favored by any plan, however short of perfection, which serves to inform the mind, exercise its faculties, or relieve the tedium of incessant toil.

The mind, too, if not informed and cultivated, as the body, if not fed, must dwindle and die.—Hence, in so far as this species of literature furnishes proper food for the mind, it is a positive blessing,

and our estimate of it must turn upon the question, does this or that work, treatise or article furnish wholesome and nutritious food for it?

But the argument is not wholly *a priori*. History and observation shed light upon the case. When Peter, the Hermit, traversed Europe to enlist soldiers for the Holy War, many doubtless knew not whether Judea adjoined France or was a province of "Terra Incognita." Now, throughout Christendom, but few are entirely ignorant of the locality of Japan or of the history of the "Expedition."

None now doubt whether withsec should be roasted before a slow fire or suspended by the thumb and big toe until they articulate through their noses. There is now no question whether hob goblins enter our apartments through the key hole or come down the chimney. The comforts and conveniences of life, fire side pleasures, home attractions, social enjoyments, and all the elements of refined happiness, exist now to a degree hitherto unparalleled. Cardinal Wolsey's household furniture would be lightly esteemed by many now who correspond, in condition and rank, to the humblest of his menials. Clean straw has at present but few points of attraction to any being except the ox or the mule. Even in a later age, in England, the country gentleman's wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a house keeper or maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed goose-berry wine and made the crust for the venison pastry. Well! upon this point, we think they are worthy of imitation by even the "upper tens" in modern society. It is evident, however, that the ignorance, uncouthness, and low tastes then abounding

would not now be tolerated. Habits of life and modes of thought have succeeded, before which vulgarism is fast fading away. Light has spread on every hand. But the contrast is more nearly perfect in political and civil concerns. Mankind have ceased to be regarded as a flock of sheep, to be driven and led about at the will of tyrants. Except when under the sway of some mighty genius, they cannot be stirred to war and marched to the battle field as lambs to the slaughter. That man must have the overshadowing arms and magic influence of a Napoleon who can stamp his foot and gather to his banners a nation's myriads. And as time rolls on a greater than Napoleon the Great will be required for the purpose. The sun of Feudalism has set, its spirit is passing away. Man is beginning to know that he has rights as well as monarchs. Some know what these rights are, and others "knowing dare maintain." Propositions, which fifty years ago were conceived, thirty years ago darkly intimated, twenty years ago published, now obtain universally, and are incorporated into the political systems of nations. It is a singular fact in the constitution of man, that unless we know of and can calculate upon abettors in any enterprise or idea not sanctioned by law, we may harbor it in our thoughts, we may burn to publish it, but we will not, fearing lest it meet no second. Many great and important truths have thus no doubt been buried in the grave of their original conceivers, never to behold the light till time shall have produced a change in public sentiment, and the world be prepared to hear and entertain and embrace them. For ages thought was thus bound and enslaved. Some heaven favored genius has at almost regu-

lar intervals in the world's history sprung out into the arena, and scornfully defied a monarch's frown or tyrant's rod, proclaiming the people's rights, the tyrant's wrongs. In some cases, the ear of liberty was set in motion, and the streaming banner of freedom hung out to catch the breeze. Then suddenly that ear was stopped, and the banner toppled to the dust. But the cause had advanced, and, soon again, Providence would smile and bring it further on in its sublime march to glory. This has invariably been the course of things. The process of achieving liberty is slow and tedious. Now, the most prominent retarding cause is this, that although men of the same spirit, which characterized Hampden, existed in the darkest night of human enslavement, they dared not speak forth the thoughts that burned for utterance; yea, feared to whisper them in the ear of even brother or neighbor, lest he should be unprepared for them, and betray him at Court. But now, how changed! If any one beholds a new light, or conceives a new idea in morals, science, or politics he has but to deliver it to the press, or better still, feel the world's pulse as it throbs in arteries of wire, and while the great majority of men may be unprepared to receive it, there will most certainly be found a sufficient number to keep them at bay, and command respect for it. Such is the ease of diffusing thought, that before the enemy has time to rally his forces, a band of friends will enlist themselves strong enough for the defence. Bold ideas of right, which could once have been uttered only at the peril of life, are now proclaimed upon the house top, and before they reach the ear of the Prime Minister, they are believed by thousands who stand ready to put him to flight, unless

he bends his proud neck to the breeze of popular opinions. Despots dread a Cheap Literature.—Light gleams through it upon their dark deeds; they cower, and tremble, or purge themselves of wrong.

Freedom to speak and write is the basis of modern liberty—that without which no adequate conception can be formed of liberty. A Cheap Literature, then, which brings into every man's house, rich or poor, the thoughts of others, must be an inestimable blessing. Many are thus induced to read and inform themselves extensively. Many thus acquire a taste for reading, which carries them on from the lighter to the more solid kinds of study, until perhaps they rear for themselves enduring monuments of excellence in the various departments of literature. And could the press, in its lighter publications, be restrained from giving improper intellectual food, we, too, might raise our pæns to it. Or could the world be taught to "prove all things and hold fast" only "that which is good," or, better still, had we more works like "Littell's Living Age" to sift the two grains of wheat from the bushel of chaff or root out the Wolf-grape from the vineyard, we would hail a Cheap Literature as one of the greatest boons to man.

And this brings us to consider the question how far it is evil?

We answer, it is evil in three respects.

First, it furnishes an unbounded field for licentiousness. It lifts the flood-gates of vice and pours its desolating waters upon the land. It is counteracted to be sure in its tendencies by causes which prevent to some extent its injurious effects. But, at all events, sentiments of the grossest materialism, pictures of the darkest scenes of life, are so dexterously inwrought

into the body of *some* works as to elude the righteous critic's eye, and like slow poison diffused through our daily bread, silently but certainly to work out death. Other works cover so much space and occupy so many pages, and of these so few, on the whole, are objectionable, that the most fastidious are taken captive by the device, and led about at the charmer's bidding. Dumas has polluted the minds of thousands, who, ravished with his romance, follow him through unhallowed scenes to spectacles most unchaste. Eugene Sue has enkindled passions in the breasts of the young, for which they know no name. And it is a great misfortune that works of this class are most eagerly sought for by the unthinking masses—a great misfortune, because the masses especially should be pure. We insist upon it, let the poor and ignorant be pure-minded. For vice and ignorance combined are like two fires when they meet on our western prairies, or like the union of conflicting thunder-clouds. It is, indeed, the "Reign of Terror" when Passion sits upon the Throne, and Reason, darkened by Ignorance, tamely acquiesces in her cruel sway.

He dreams of Chimeras, who places liberty in the power to act as one pleases. Let men please to act rightly, to respect the rights of others, and to insist upon the exercise of those only which belong properly to them, and all will be well. But let them please to do wrong, to be intemperate, licentious, cruel and ambitious, and then let earth mourn. The star of Robespierre and Danton is in the ascendant, and Virtue and Merit cry in vain for protection. The truth is, every philanthropist must feel upon this subject. Because one work of the character above allud-

ed to can neutralize the efforts of ten upright men to establish the dominion of truth and virtue. Experience proves that man does not prefer the good to the bad, and choose to tread in the rugged path of self-denial because it is the path of virtue. Hence, the best recommendation that a work can possess to thousands is, that it has something in it to excite the baser passions of our nature.

Secondly, Cheap Literature is too apt to take the place of the more substantial and permanent literature. To those who can spare but little time for reading, there is not much of evil in this tendency. They are, perhaps, upon the whole, gainers. But with those who, from their profession, should be students and not merely readers, the case is different. We allege that they are apt to be superficial thinkers, because they frequently devote too much time to the light and ephemeral productions of the press. There are two causes which tend to produce this result.

1st. Mental sloth—natural to some—which requires to be carried along on cushioned seats, and do what it must with the least trouble. Students must read; but, if indolence exist or supervene, they will do what reading is necessary in that which is easiest, demanding the least exertion and allowing the mind to move along without requiring the springs to work. For the mind may be a self-moving machine or not, as we choose. It has power to reflect and invent, as well as the susceptibility of being acted upon and moved by extraneous forces; and, in this case, ceases to act as soon as the force is removed. But laziness will never reflect nor invent, if it involves any special trouble. It will read a thousand newspapers and reviews to avoid the necessity of doing its

own work—of thinking for itself. It will open its mouth wide to receive every passing current that may turn the wheels and shafts of the mental machinery, but never rises to the attitude of independent and self-relying will, and speaks the word that reaches the spring of action. Laziness sits quietly by, waiting to be acted upon. It has ruined many of the brightest intellects of the earth. It has caused them to stretch forth their hands and implore the aid of passers-by, to be children all their lives. It is an incubus that forbids the soaring of independent thought, and the going out of unfettered mind into those regions of research, where genius has left its track and industry has won its brightest laurels.

There is danger, we repeat, that Cheap Literature will strengthen this vice, and prove the Delilah of modern Sampsons.

But there is another cause which may produce the same result. Had Solomon lived in the present day, we would, no doubt, have an aphorism better suited to our purpose, than the one which says: "Of making many books there is no end." Now, must a man read all these books? Yes. If he has a reputation for learning to maintain, he must by some means, fair or foul, have read them all. Otherwise, woe to the luckless book snail.—He will be forced to "come down lower." Men are thus driven either to read all works that are published, or to obtain some knowledge of their contents as furnished by reviews and critiques. Hence reading men *seem* to know so much more than they actually do. Physicians, lawyers and divines, all can make a show of learning upon subjects of the first principles of which they are entirely ignorant, having been literally "helped to their conclusions." As a result, theories the

wildest, and hypotheses the most absurd, based upon views derived from a "fugitive piece," start up in our midst and are advocated with Pundit effrontery, as of unquestionable truth and utility. And the blind multitude press eagerly after it, till some other new fangled dogma be promulged, and they take wildly after that, tearing up laws, science, religion, and government itself by the roots in this onward rush.

The fact is, men are attempting to build without a foundation.—They are rearing a superstructure of marble upon a pair of boy's stilts, thus attracting around them a curious and eager crowd, only to be crushed in its inevitable downfall.

Nothing but the broad rock basis of truth will support the building when tempests come—truth gathered from a thousand quarries—truth dug from the recesses of the earth, by the sweat of the brain in summer's heat, in winter's cold, by the noonday sun, and the midnight lamp.

Lastly, we fear Cheap Literature will banish heavy books—books, we mean, of close reasoning and protracted argumentation. We do not believe that the present age is degenerated and cannot furnish writers of minds as great in their proportion as any preceding. But the fact is, great intellects are ceasing to shed their lustre on the world. The suns are giving way to stars and comets. Suppose a man were to shut himself up in his study for five or ten years—there to pursue some important vein of thought, what would be the consequence? Why, the world would seem to be ahead of him, when he came out, covered with the dust of time. There is no modern Joshua, to make the sun stand still even for a day. He who does not

move with the world, and in the world must be content to be forgotten.

In conclusion, let us remark that some of our positions may be false, and some not clearly stated, but we have at least aimed at the truth. It becomes us further to say, that a Cheap Literature, good as it is, and evil as it is, is a "fixed fact," and must be met as such. Let our children be properly educated and made capable of judging the merits

of those books they read. In *them* it is possible to create and cultivate the power to discern between the good and the bad, the true and the false. Place the ultimate correction of the evil, therefore, in the proper training of their minds and hearts, seeing to the young vines, that the Wolf-grape is never suffered to lift its head among them and exploring the magazines and reviews—pruning knife in hand—to assist in the labor of love.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

I have endured love's anguish, ask not how,
And tasted absence too, but ask not where!

But now I have made choice of one to love,
Who ravishes my heart, but ask not who!

My tears bedew her footsteps as she flies:
She loves me, yet she flies, but ask not why!

I heard but yesterday, with mine own ears,
Such sweet words from her mouth, but ask not what!

Why bite your lips, and say, "Divulge it not?"
'Tis true I kissed a lip, but ask not where!

Shut in my poor man's hut, debarred from her,
I have endured such pangs! but ask not how!

Still, I, a stranger in the road of love,
I, Hafiz, have attained, but ask not what!

WOLFSDEN.*

A REVIEW.

When this work first appeared about eight or ten months since, many of the ablest of our Northern exchanges spoke in high terms of its merit.

It is intended as a crushing satire upon Southern institutions, and that fact having been clearly ascertained, sympathy superseded criticism, and the story was designated as "vigorous," "glowing," "racy," "true to nature," "full of humor, pathos, power."

We will briefly expose the real character of the book.

Wolfsden opens in the following impressive and striking manner :

"Midnight has passed. Morning dawns. The fading stars twinkle idly in their blue depths, or melt from view in the spreading light. The fringed clouds glow in the eastern sky like the bright wings of Apollo's steeds, ascending their star-paved way. The god of day—of the golden harp and silver bow—appears. His swift arrows pierce and illuminate the misty morning. They glance from ocean's breast and gild its surging foam. The iceberg's towering pinnacles receive and scatter his million shafts.

"New England's shores catch and reflect the glowing smile. Here Winter rules his divided empire with a gentler hand. Like a stern father—stern, but beneficent—he blesses even while he frowns. His severe lessons teach us wisdom, prompt us to effort, compel us to industry. He hardens our frames, and stimulates our energies."

It cannot be denied that this is very fine writing—somewhat curt, spasmodic, and interjectional perhaps, but still undeniably *fine*.—

The truly original picture of the "bright wings of Apollo's steeds ascending their star-paved way," cannot be too warmly commended. And we assure the reader that upon every tenth page he will encounter pictures equally original, sentences quite as ingeniously snappish and puffy, all which we say again is very fine writing. One other specimen we must give :

"O fair flower of life's dewy morning! O, breezes redolent of youth's balmy breath! O, gleams of early brightness still gilding the fading horizon! O, memories still fresh and fragrant. Let your influence exhale from the recording pen, and crystalize upon the descriptive page.

"Alek, awake, arise. Alek springs from his bed, the bounce of his elastic feet upon the floor, echoing the last notes of chanticleer!"

Alek, the individual who "bounces with elastic feet," "echoing the last notes of Chanticleer," is *not* as one might suppose a rope dancer, or vaulter in the Hippodrome, but simply a "well-to-do," "down East" farmer "as awkward," the author tells us, "as his two year old steers," in fine, a "lubberly left-handed Blunderhead," [Query, Dunderhead?] who, however, has a heart, which amply makes up for the "*blunderheadedness*." This interesting youth is the hero, or rather one of the heroes of the story, for the author of *Wolfsden* with a laudable scorn of the "unities," in-

* *Wolfsden*—an authentic account of things There, and Thereunto appertaining: As they are, and have been. By J. B. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

dulges in the extravagance of *two* heroes. With Alek and his career we have but little to do. Wearied at last of his sheep and oxen, and to prove that he possesses a soul above turnips, the "Blunderhead," after dutifully conveying his design to mamma, whose advice on the occasion is equally excellent and prosy, seizes his pilgrim staff, and journeys to New York. Shortly after his arrival, he attends an Abolition meeting, where he singly confronts and vanquishes some half-dozen athletic men, who are represented as about to offer violence to one of the female speakers, a "bloomer," we presume. As was to be expected he is met by every form of seductive temptation. One of his predicaments is thus described in Chapter XVII:

"Alek sits softly on the luxurious sofa, and the splendid Erycina sits closely by his side. An hour's acquaintance has brought them intimately near. Mutual attractions draw them closer, with resistless force. Tender sympathies unite them in sweet embrace. She reclines her lovely form upon his beating breast. Her bright blue eyes look tenderly in his, and then turn timidly away. He sighs in a transport of overpowering emotion. She lays her delicate hand in his open palm. His closing hand clasps hers with expressive tenderness. She turns upwards her blushing face with consenting look. He presses her yielding form to his breast. Love's influence rules the hour."

The bane is not without its antidote. The author, speaking in his own person, exclaims convulsively, and in a paroxysm of moral afflict:

"Away, Alek, away! The soul-debasing fire of sensualism rages in your veins. The siren charmer drags you beneath the waves of perdition. The angel fellow-voyagers are leaving your heart, and bearing away contentment, peace, and hope."

"O, self-degrading soul! being of promised immortality, turning downward in thy course! O, mortal with heavenly

gifts, betraying thy trust! heir of blessed life, forfeiting thy crown! Awake! resist! flee!"

Of course the "glowing" description which precedes these "pious ejaculations," and which we have modified, and toned down by omissions, will be eagerly devoured by every novel-reader to the utter neglect of the incoherent *moral*, if some half-dozen pages of raving can be dignified by such a term.

It is quite in taste, certainly, in the writer to carry us through a slough of sensual images, and then to be intensely horrified by his own disgusting revelations. His acquaintance with the most degrading scenes is, we fear, less questionable than his honesty of purpose.

But it is to Hero number *two* that we propose chiefly to pay our respects. This gentleman is a Mr. Harry Boynton, the son of a Southern planter, who lives at the head of Pamlico Sound, in the State of North Carolina. The paternal Boynton is represented as one of those Yankee adventurers, who with a convenient phancy of conscience, are willing to overlook the horrors of the "peculiar institution" for the sake of its pecuniary advantages. Some forty years before the action of the story commences, he is entertained in the progress of a tour through Carolina, at the residence of a General Bateman, whose hospitality he returns by making love to his daughter, Angelina. The Hebe is thus described:

"She was a vision of all-surpassing loveliness. Her head was adorned with a slight wreath of flowers, which the children in their gay mood had woven. Her rich golden hair fell in profuse and golden curls upon her neck and shoulders, of faultless form and grace. Her deep blue eyes were fraught with beauty, gentleness, and intelligence. Her transparent, pure-veined complexion, heightened by sportive exercise, excelled the

artist's highest skill. Her form was a model of symmetry and active elegance. Her movements were spirited, yet graceful; youthful, yet dignified."

Angelina is an heiress, a fact which is not calculated to diminish the elder Boynton's passion. He woos, and wins her; but she proves to be descended *remotely*—very remotely, as we shall see—from a slave mother. The author says:

"The beautiful, the angelic Angelina, was, by Carolina law, a slave. Her mother, fair and beautiful as herself, was descended from some *great-great-grand-mother*, kidnapped from some unhappy mother, African, American, European, or Indian, (for all races are made to contribute to the stock of slavery.)"

The fact of her unfortunate descent remains for upwards of *half* a century unknown. Neither her father nor husband suspect it, but after her son Harry Boynton, Jr., has grown to man's estate—after his inheriting a plantation with fifty slaves, "of whom some fifteen are able bodied men," and his marriage to a Yankee girl, who is, of course, all virtue, and grace, and beauty, and holiness, and perfection, the circumstance is accidentally revealed to a pair of kidnapping rogues, Messrs. Buzzard and Marshy, of Washington City, who immediately set out for Carolina, armed with "pistols and such like persuasives," with the purpose of "reducing Boynton and his only sister to slavery." The intended victims are informed of their danger, which Boynton, by a clever *ruse de guerre*, manages to avoid. He finally escapes with his family to New York, and his plantation is turned over to an agent, whose instructions are to "hold the estate subject to Harry's control, who

would soon dispose of it, and meanwhile to place on it some trusty white person, who might *protect and employ the slaves for wages, but not coerce them.*"

Such is a brief outline of this very probable and artistic story. The malicious absurdity of the circumstance upon which the plot depends is sufficiently patent.

The hero's *grandmother's great-great-grandmother* was a slave.—Taking therefore the ordinary duration of human life as the basis of calculation, and including the *forty years* which is said to have elapsed between the visit of the elder Boynton at General Bate-man's, and the period of this "most mammoth fiction," at least one hundred and thirty years must have intervened between the life time of the original "unhappy slave mother," and the discovery of the taint in the Boynton blood! But we are sick with wading through this pestilent trash. Viewed as an attempt to depict the workings of Southern institutions, it is so utterly, so irredeemably beneath contempt, that the trumpets of the whole army of Abolition editors can only serve to rivet attention to its monstrous exaggeration, falsehood, and special-pleading; viewed as a work of art, the entire story resolves itself into a "*reductio ad absurdum*," in which pages, and even consecutive chapters, seem to us to have been composed under the spasmodic influence of exhilarating gas, administered in liberal doses at the necessary intervals. In novels like the present, the malice of freesoilism "o'er leaps its self," and results in the cementing and perpetuation of the very institution whose subversion it attempts.

PORTER'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.*

The address of Mr. Porter is worthy of the occasion and the subject. No higher praise can be given than this—the occasion was the birthday of Washington; the subject, the character of the American chief.

It is not easy to delineate the grandeur of that character. Few are capable of it. Not many understand it, and we meet with evidences continually of this inability to comprehend its magnitude and power. It is not uncommon, for example, to hear men talk of Hamilton, as the first statesman and intellect of the country. The opinion is proof only that the talker is incapable of measuring the stature of the American leader—that his standard of excellence does not reach beyond the adroit politician or dexterous debater. Mr. Porter appreciates the immense superiority of Washington; he appreciates the true significance of the phrase,—“first in war, first in peace.” To him, it is not a vague form of expression—a mere rhetorical prettiness of words. The man to whom these words were applied, and to whom alone they are applicable, stood apart, unapproached in power of mind as in excellence of virtue. The highest praise that we can bestow on any other man of the Revolution is that he appreciated truly and supported faithfully the illustrious chief under whose guidance alone, by God's providence, success could be achieved in the perilous contest for political freedom.

The idea of superiority in the character of Washington, to which

most men attach no definite meaning, becomes in Mr. Porter's hands a just and clear analysis of the qualities of head and heart on which that superiority depends.—Among these, he tells us, were “faith, truthfulness, the spirit of command, and that combination of genius and knowledge of which our language furnishes no better name than wisdom.” These were the qualities that persevered through endless difficulties, kept united thirteen separate communities, conciliated the doubtful, stimulated the slow, restrained the rash, encouraged the desponding, soothed the jealous and irritable, watched treachery, disarmed discontent, raised and maintained armies under all privations, and governed and commanded by the moral power only of supremacy in ability and virtue. His faith was no blind confidence in fortune or a star, but the manly trust of a Christian soldier in a good cause; his truth was manifest and bright like the sun; his faculty to govern unsurpassed, and his wisdom unequalled by any other great leader of the world. It is this master quality of wisdom—the sum and perfection of intellect and virtue—that men least appreciate or understand. They see its effects, but not the power that produces them. With the mass of mankind, the flashy orator and brilliant writer will command a higher reputation for genius than the calm intellect that has prescience to foresee and ability to provide and will to do in all emergencies. It was this grand property of Wisdom—of genius

*Semi-Centennial Address delivered before the Washington Light Infantry, in the South-Carolina Institute Hall, on the 23d Feb., 1857, by the Hon W. D. Porter.

in action and in the conduct of mans affairs—that enabled Washington to conduct a long war, with inadequate resources, under every discouragement, without a mistake, with caution and enterprise as occasion required; to establish a great Republic, to give it life and vigour, and to shape its permanent policy for all his successors.

These things Mr. Porter has explained and illustrated with admirable discrimination and power, and no discourse or essay on the character of the man whom all delight to honor, but few with a true understanding of his excellence, has been, any where, by any one, written or spoken to the people of our country superior to Mr. Porter's address.

It is not Mr. Porter's purpose to narrate the action of Washington. That is the province of history.—He undertakes rather to call attention to the prominent traits of Washington's character, to make them the subject of study, reverence and imitation to his countrymen. Its influence, indeed, is not confined to them. His name "has become a power among the friends of virtue all over the civilized world, and will be so to the end of recorded time," and they should feel grateful to the orator who has placed the world's great and good man before them in all his noble and unequalled proportions, the example and standard of all mankind in faith, truth and wisdom.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SADI.

Apart from all the creatures of the earth
I sit, and weep aloud, and in my grief
My eyes send up to heaven their hopeless tears!

Even as a little boy whose bird is flown
From out his hand, still weeps for that same bird—
So I bewail my sweet but vanished life!

THE FRESH.

Strange things are all too costly for the wise,
Yet stale things are but tyrannies;
And to subdue the strange to proper use,
Were profit at whatever cost or price.
The stale, made stagnant by too free abuse,
Too costly for our keeping at no cost!
We make great gain when certain things are lost,
And profit by the fate which leaves us bare.
If then we do begin, by proper toil,
To earn with diligence the better spoil,
A new life gathers from the fresh and rare,
Stagnation only from the ancient care.
Oh! spoils are on the ocean as on shore—
Dive deep for princely treasure—but the sea,
Is thy own heart and soul: thou shalt explore
These first, if thou would'st fill thy treasury.

LINES.

Thy beauty rose upon my sight,
As on the dim horizon's verge,—
Long tossed 'mid ocean's sullen surge,—
The weary wanderer, with delight,
Sees from the dark and desperate night
A star emerge.

As when the way-worn pilgrim flings
Him down to die 'mid burning sands,
On arid Afric's desert strands,
And swift-winged Memory gently brings
The thought of fond, familiar things,
And distant lands;

If, on his dying ear, the strain
Of human voices softly swells,
Or far-off sound of camel bells,
Their strength his failing limbs regain,
He feels new life through every vein,
And straight is well;

So late I deemed myself forsook
By friends below and heaven above;
A listless wanderer free to rove,
Until thy voice the sad spell broke,
And from dark dreams my spirit woke
To life and love!

No longer now I roam, but still—
Like one who on enchanted isles
Hears magic measures all the while—
Entranced, I drink my inmost fill
Of that blest music, which at will
My care beguiles.

Not sweeter tones allayed their fears
Of old, who kept stern watch amain,
By night, upon Chaldaea's plain,
And caught, with tranced and ravished ears,
Above the music of the spheres,
The angel strain.

No poet's crown of stars I claim!
I ne'er may join that sacred throng,
Nor their charmed circle move among,
Who win a world-enduring name,
And wear the laurel wreath, and fame
Of deathless song.

Such meed I neither ask nor seek,
Such poor and paltry praise resign;
But if one feeble word of mine,
One song, though wild, and vain, and weak,
Shall breathe the love I dare not speak,
And win me thine;

Then, by thy pitying hand caressed,
Proud of my chains, without a sigh,
E'en at thy very feet I'd lie:
And all my passionate love confess'd,
Too richly, dearly, deeply blest,
Would gladly die!

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. I.

[The letters which follow are from the pen of an accomplished young Carolinian, travelling in Europe and the East. Portions of them have been selected for publication, and have appeared in some of the country papers. The portions omitted are here supplied, and the value of the collection increased, by original letters which have not hitherto appeared. Other letters will follow as they successively reach us. We have ourselves read these letters with great satisfaction. They are well written, full of vivacity, and exhibit a mind at once observant, contemplative, and speculative. The writer is a young man of distinguished parentage, whose own talents, industry and enthusiasm promise largely to add to the reputation of his name. His letters are sketchy, but pregnant; exclusive, but comprehensive; and he evidently addresses himself to objects of study, which do not ordinarily arrest the attention of the traveller for pleasure. Our agricultural readers especially will find much in this correspondence to interest them, as connected with their pursuits; and those who are scientific will be pleased as our traveller glimpses, *en passant*, at the doings among the European *savants*. Occasional daguerreotypes of distinguished persons in art, science and statesmanship will be found to add a personal and dramatic interest to the sketches of our correspondent.]—ED.

GLASGOW, September 16.

I reached Glasgow on Friday from my Highland tour, having only my travelling clothes on and a change in my carpet bag, and after spending two very dull days I was exceedingly glad when S** arrived on Monday from Edinburgh with my trunk. Tuesday we went to a Fair at Falkirk, where I was exceedingly disappointed in the show of stock. There were large numbers of a small, scrubby breed of cows from Ireland, and a greater and worse looking collection of the shaggy Highland cattle, which are the smallest specimens of the *genus bos* I have ever seen. There was one remarkable race of cattle from western Scotland which were entirely black and without horns; they were large and fine looking, but I saw only steers among them. The sheep were smaller than ours, and the horses were the large work horse, with immense bones and shaggy fetlocks, and very ungainly form. The Irish and Highland horses resemble marsh tackies. A few half bloods were there—not

superior to our common Kentucky horses.

On Wednesday the "British Association for the Advancement of Science" was convened in the City Hall, at eight o'clock, P. M. The room, which was capable of holding 3,000 persons, was two-thirds filled; the galleries and benches being occupied by the associates, of whom a large number were females, comprising the beauty and fashion of Glasgow and the surrounding country. On the stage sat the distinguished foreigners, and the life members of the Association. These are the Noble amateurs and the really scientific members. The associates are the commoners, amateurs who pay £1 for the privilege of attending the discussions, &c., of the meeting.

Having gone early I had a good seat in the gallery just over the stage, and a few minutes after eight the distinguished body of science and noble blood came in from the Lord Provost's (where they had been dining) pell mell, upon the

stage. I did not know one of them, but when they were seated, I recognized in the tall ungainly figure that occupied the chair, the former President, the Earl of Harrowby. He rose to make his valedictory, and though I felt till then a certain awe, I was forced to hold my hat over my face to hide the laughter which the singular appearance of this individual rendered it impossible for me to restrain. He stood at first erect with his hands crossed before him, where he held them closely together all the time; but no sooner had he said, "Ladies," than he flung his body backwards, his feet remaining firm, till his form represented an arc of 90°. His large nose, tapered to a point, rose from his cadaverous face and was directed to the ceiling in his rear, while his long stiff coat tail equally sharp, stood at the antipodes and looked towards the audience.

Singular as was his attitude, conceive my surprise when, by a rapid movement, he entirely reversed his position, brought his pointed nose to the table in front of him, and sent his coat tail out horizontally behind, while—not as if it had been spoken, but as though it had been ejected by this violent effort—the word "gentlemen" broke from his lips. This was his only gesture; his hands and feet remained firm, but at every sentence he performed one or more of these rapid, violent and exaggerated antero-posteriore contortions. He spoke only a few minutes, and his ideas were destitute of point, and his expressions of all elegance. He concluded by introducing his Grace the Duke of Argyle, the President of the Association for this year.

His Grace is a young man, about thirty-two, who has been much petted, and has a reputation for

cleverness, and his election as President is esteemed a high expression of the value which the scientific talent of the United Kingdom place upon his learning and abilities. He is of good figure, short, neat hand and foot, a certain freedom of carriage rarely possessed, I believe, by people here, with a fine head and eye, delicate features and an exuberant growth of bright red hair. He stood upon a narrow platform, where it was scarcely possible for him to move his feet without falling off. The table, a very common one, before which he stood, was so low that he was obliged to hold his speech in his hand. It was printed, however, which was well, for he could not have held the manuscript for such a length of time. His voice was free and clear and his manner easy. There was no gesticulation except turning his face from one side to the other.

He gave a résumé of the principal discoveries in science since 1840, when the meeting was held in Glasgow last. There was no striking thought, and though he spoke of friends who had recently died—the celebrated Edward Forbes was one, a young man—there was no attempt at pathos, only a genteel tribute. His speech was two hours long, and nothing more than a catalogue, with little comment, of the most commonly known results and achievements of science; and I am compelled to say that, merely as such, it was strikingly deficient in many important points. The language was good, however, and, except in a few words, the pronunciation the same as our own.

When he finished, Dr. Macfarlan, the aged principal of the Glasgow University, rose, and rolling his tongue in his toothless mouth, spluttered forth the most astonishing concatenation of fulsome compliments to the noble Duke for

"his very able and learned and enlightened and liberal address" that could be imagined, and closed by moving that the "thanks of this meeting be returned to his grace, the most noble Duke of Argyle."

Sir Roderick Murchison, of geological celebrity, rose to second the motion. He is rather handsome, resembles B——, but is not near so good looking: He hemmed and hawed, repeated and bungled, could not say what he wanted to say, affected bashfulness when he was evidently brazen enough, and finally took his seat after what, with us, would have been considered a flat failure, as, indeed, would every thing that passed on the occasion except the Duke's speech.

Mr. Phillips, author of "Mineralogy, Geology, &c.," rose, and at least deserved the credit of saying without stammering what he wished. He read over the list of distinguished strangers. Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the ornithologist, was named. The audience applauded, and the Prince rose and bowed.

Good heavens! is there any of the great Napoleonic blood in that little, squat, obese Frenchman!—He looks as if he had been stuffed with frogs until he could scarcely draw his breath. He is the very realization of the notion of a frog eating Frenchman, and a few touches of the pencil of the caricaturist would make an excellent likeness of him in the shape of a bull frog of the first rank.

Baron Liebig came next. The Baron rose—a slender, good looking man of fifty, with hair just turning grey, and, except a large nose and erect carriage, nothing to distinguish him; not a mark of profound thought. In a word, I would be glad to report differently,

but the truth is, take that body all in all, the nobles, and learned doctors, they were as common looking and as unintellectual a display of men as could be easily collected.

Thursday I attended the various sections where many interesting papers were read, and saw and heard the celebrated Hugh Miller.* He has a fine head—the best of any here—but looks and speaks like a Scotch laborer; yet he has genius.

That night I went to a *conversazione*, where, knowing no one, I had the gratification of pressing my hat for a hour or two through the crowd. Friday I went to the mathematical section to see Prof. N——, of this place, for whom I had left my card and letter of introduction at the Glasgow Observatory.

Mr. Whithouse read a paper which was thought by celebrated physicians, &c., present, to demonstrate the practicability of a telegraphic communication between this country and America. Afterwards, there was a paper on the material that occupies the interplanetary spaces. This was followed by Prof. N. in a most ingenious article on the geological formations in the moon. Think of it! No longer are men content with becoming State Geologists, but they aspire to be Geologists to the Moon!

When he took his seat, Sir John Ross, an old grey headed, sturdy sailor, wearing several medals, a white vest and a deep scarlet neckcloth, rose to say that, as for those beautiful diagrams on which the Professor founded his opinions, they were the result of the observations of his telescope, and that he had been accustomed to produce them for the amusement of the ladies.

* Recently dead, committing suicide.

This was a terrible revelation, and Sir David Brewster a handsome old gentleman, rose to smooth it over. That night I heard Dr. Carpenter lecture, and saw the great Whewell. He is the very incarnation of the ideal of an English clergyman. I have not heard him speak. Carpenter has a fine head. In the face, he resembles H—; is tall, slender and ungainly in his figure, looking like a school-boy; immense hands and feet; his pantaloons were too short, and he wore leather straps as long as Major Jones's.

I was introduced to Sir William Jardine, who promised that to-morrow I should hear the whole subject of artificial fish breeding discussed. Last night I went to an evening party at Prof. N's. I had not been personally introduced to him. This I did myself as soon as I entered; he spoke a few words to me and begged me to walk round. I thanked him, and sauntered off. Three or four rooms were thrown open to the guests; there was no such thing as introductions, and as most of them were strangers like myself, there was the most ludicrous show of awkward, gaping people that could well be imagined. I made myself perfectly at home, and though no one spoke to me, I addressed several, who seemed obliged by the attention.

After a while, I saw Dr. Carpenter standing alone; he was the only person there whose name even I knew; and I hastily made my way up to him; found him very

affable, and enjoyed half an hour's conversation with him which I shall remember for a long time. I staid about an hour and a half, and as soon as I saw the first man retire, went home. There was a mulatto there talking French, who did not look a bit more awkward than the rest of the company, and whom some of the ladies seemed to find particularly interesting. He was not even a good specimen of the negro, and as I turned from him my eye fell upon two books of Clarkson on the abolition of the slave trade.

I have seen all the great scientific men in England, except Faraday and Herschel. I believe I have not made the best of my opportunities, and that I should have talked right and left to all to whom I had any thing to say. Indeed, I am surprised at English affability, after the reserve I had anticipated. I have seldom been addressed first, but I have uniformly received the most polite reply to any remark which I made. Everything is "If you please," "I thank you," "I beg pardon," "I am much obliged," &c.; sentences which they repeat till you are sick of hearing them, from the servants at hotels up to the lords in waiting. There is, also, an affectation of timidity among all classes, which makes them stammer and hesitate whenever they speak. Vulgar as this is, the very best of them, such as Jardine, Murchison, even the Duke of Argyle, are guilty of it to a most abominable extent.

NO. II.

PARIS, November 29.

I have much to say, but will just pause a moment to mention Mr. Mason. F—'s letter was very gratifying to him. I saw it in his face when he read it, especially the

allusion to his health. He is isolated here, and thankful for any approbation. He took occasion to pay me several compliments; promised to invite me to tea, and to

introduce me to his family, and begged me to attend Mrs. Mason's receptions. There it all ended—I have waited in vain for the promised invitations to tea—they came not. The explanation is, that Mr. Mason, one of the best men in the world, is at present a paralytic, whose memory (one of the first faculties that old age yields to an incurable disease) is impaired. He forgot me in five minutes, and will probably never recollect me again.

A word more about our legation. It is current here, that P—— the Secretary, having sent his wife home some months previously, invited his creditors to meet him on a certain morning, at twelve, at his chambers. They assembled, and had the pleasure of learning that their distinguished debtor had found it convenient to embark at Havre, some two hours before, in a steamer for America. He is about, it is said, to publish a work, demonstrating, from the records of the legation here, the absurdity and inutility of foreign ministers. The last chapter will give a description of the model of a perfect minister. The picture is drawn from a Louisiana slave, brought here some years ago, who has acquired the French language, and who is, they say, *indispensable* at the legation; and whose services are not only demanded in Paris, but who has also been sent for, from Spain and Russia, to install our redoubtable diplomatists.*

The other morning, after having my hair cut by the Emperor's barber, I met my French teacher—a Hungarian, a Republican, a refugee, and a professor in one of the colleges here. He informed me that M. Robin advised me to go at once to Huningue, to see the opera-

tion of pisci-culture. This advice I followed, and went to see M. Gube, at the College of France, who gave me a letter to M. Chabot, the director of the fish manufactory, established by the French government; and that evening, Monday, 19th October, I started on the Western Rail Road.

I slept that night at Chalons, and the next morning made the tour of the immense Champagne cellars of M. Jacques & Son. These are the largest in the world, consisting of twenty parallel passages, each nearly a quarter of a mile long, crossed by four others of the same length, besides a number of shorter ones. They are from ten to forty feet under ground, (being cut under a hill,) in the solid rock, and their width is from ten to fifteen feet or more; their height is from ten to twenty. Their whole length, not including a new series now in construction, is estimated at six miles. At present, they contain 4,000,000 and upwards of bottles of the wine of Champagne. These bottles are corked by machinery, and the corks alone are said to cost nearly \$30,000 per annum.

Champagne is a manufactured wine; I saw them pour a tin cup full (about two large wine-glasses) of burnt sugar and brandy into each bottle, and am informed that every bottle passes two hundred times through the hands of the workmen before it is ready for market. I met the agent at breakfast, who gave me his prices—which are from 3 frs. to 5 frs. per bottle, the higher prices being asked for the vintages of 46 to 49—the lowest that of 52. Two years are necessary to complete the manufacture of the wine, and he told me that at five years it might be considered as fully devel-

*Mr. Lester, our ex-consul at Genoa, devotes an amusing chapter to the same subject.—[Ed.]

oped. It costs 5 sous per bottle to deliver it at Havre.

I took a short tour through Chalons before proceeding on my journey. On entering the lofty stone arch which forms the southern gate of the town, over which may be seen the towering steeples of two Christian churches and the roof of the palace of the bishop, I read this decree, written in large characters on the gate: "Destitution is forbidden to enter Chalons."

Voilà! a text from which might be preached a sermon more solemn, sorrowful and true, than any which the philanthropy and vivid imaginations even of our abolitionists have devised. At 1 P. M., I took a second class carriage for Strasbourg. It was cloudy and cold. These clouds possess two qualities which I had not before observed in any of their fellows. They render the air warmer than when it is clear, and have a certain illuminating property at night which makes distant objects more distinct than when the moon is unobscured; but they seem to be destitute of a third, which we are in the habit of considering inseparable, that of causing rain to fall. For days and days, they hang heavy and uninterrupted, and still no rain. The weather seems settled just *on a crisis*.

If you wish to give an idea of this country to anybody, you need only take a piece of pasteboard and color it green and reddish brown, to represent the ploughed land and the crops of wheat, and allow any child to arrange at pleasure on this pasteboard the contents of a box of toy houses and trees, and I am sure you will have a correct model of the provinces of Champagne and Lorraine. Their trim poplars and precise farmsteads; their streams resembling badly constructed ditches; their leaden sky and naked hills and plains seem rather to have been

manufactured in some immense toy-shop than to be the face of nature. This continuous nudity is to me very sickening, and I cannot conceive of any thing which would produce a like unpleasant sensation except the sight of a bald-headed woman. The produce of the country is grain of various sorts, including buckwheat and corn, the latter of a small yellow variety used only for feeding poultry, and at Strasbourg for producing the "*patés de foie gras*," also beets in immense quantities, for making sugar and brandy. The whole country is sadly in want of ditches.

I reached Strasbourg about midnight, and the next morning my first care was to procure a French guide, (for the people here speak German for the most part) in order to enable me to despatch the lions. These consisted of the fortifications—a wall of stone and earth of 40 feet in height or more, with sluices, by means of which the waters of the river Ill, which passes through the city, may be spread over the whole surrounding country, in a few minutes, to so considerable a depth as to render the approach of an enemy impossible; then the foundries for cannon, where I saw a furnace capable of holding 25,000 lbs. of melted brass, and sixty workmen, who are paid 4 frs. for ten hours labor a day, and who make 25 cannon per month. The labor is of the most appalling nature. I saw one poor fellow who was cutting the solid brass with a chisel and mallet. He was apprenticed to work for twenty years, as indeed were all the rest; for the government never changes its workmen here. After this apprenticeship, I believe, the government takes care of them. *This, however, is not slavery! oh! no!*

I was at last conducted to the great cathedral, (which was com-

menced in the eleventh century) with its front of "woven stone," with its arched doorway, on which are written, with the chisel of the sculptor, the whole history of the Bible; and its spire 474 feet in height, the tallest in the world—higher even than the great pyramid. It is still one of the wonders of the world. But more wonderful than even the cathedral itself and its statues (sculptured in a species of red sand-stone, brought from the Vosges Mountains, and the expression of which excels any thing I have seen in marble) is the clock which it contains. This clock was constructed in 1325, but having ceased, since 1789, to work, it was reconstructed, with the modern improvements, in 1842. The frame is about forty feet in height. In the astronomical portion, you see the planets revolving in their exact periods; the eclipses of the sun and the moon, and all the phases of the latter; the equinoxes, &c.; all indicated at their exact epoch with mathematical precision. In the ecclesiastical division, you have the calendar of all the festivals of the Church, calculated *in perpetuo*. Beside the face of the clock, stand two *Genii*, who strike the seconds; above, and in the center, stands *Death* with his scythe—he strikes the hour. At each quarter of an hour, a figure passes before him from left to right, and disappears.

The first quarter, this figure represents infancy; it passes, and at the second quarter, youth appears on the left of death; the third quarter, the place of youth is supplied by mature manhood; at the last quarter, he too goes his way, and decrepit old age takes his post. Higher up still, stands the Saviour. On the summit, is the Virgin, attended by three kings; and, on the extreme right, a huge cock. When the clock strikes twelve, the disci-

ples pass before Christ, and he raises his hands to bless them; at the same time, the three kings bend themselves before the Virgin, and the cock flaps his wings and crows thrice; while a "carillon," set in motion by the machinery, plays several different melodies.—Schwilge, the architect, was occupied five years on the mathematical calculations, and the construction consumed six years. But, enough of Strasbourg.

After dining on a "*paté de foie gras*," which I don't like, (by the way, in Strasbourg, a goose sells for 4 frs., while its liver, always sold separately, brings 5 frs. more,) I took my ticket for Basle, the end of my journey. By ten o'clock, I found myself in bed in the hotel of the Three Kings, whose foundations are washed by the far famed Rhine. The next morning I engaged a Voiture to carry me to Huningue, about five miles distant. After some difficulty in finding the road, I reached the establishment, and gave my letter to M. Chabot, a young Frenchman of the purest French type. He offered me both his hands at once; hurried me upstairs to his room; gave me two glasses of different kinds of Swiss liquor to drink; told me he was going on a tour through Switzerland, to inspect the various operations then in progress on the lakes and water courses, and insisted on my accompanying him; asked me my age; hoped we should be friends; put his purse at my disposal; told me he was engaged to be married (a secret); promised to introduce me to his betrothed, with whom I would have much pleasure, as she spoke English; she lived among the mountains of Switzerland, and we would see her in our voyage! He went with me to Basle to get my carpet-bag, and advised me to take lodgings at his

boarding house at St. Louis, a small village just on the confines of France, and situated half way between the city of Basle and the "Fish Factory."

I spent five days at St. Louis, and witnessed all the operations of fish culture. They are simple enough. I feel myself thoroughly and practically informed in the whole art of collecting and hatching fish eggs. The first and most essential step, is to determine the exact period of the year when the various species lay their eggs. If S—— wants to serve the cause of science and industrial economy, he may employ himself most profitably in making observations on this point. The

eggs, even of the trout here, a fish not as large as our perch, are about the size of a small buckshot. I saw 120,000 eggs of salmon, and 50,000 of trout, lying on a bed of gravel, in two long troughs of water, undergoing the process of incubation.

Notwithstanding, however, the kindness and attention of M. Chabot and the people of St. Louis (for I was a lion there), when I saw the mountains growing white with snow, I began to think of my snug quarters here, and bidding my Alsatian friends adieu, I took a long, cold fourteen-hour ride on the cars, and found myself yesterday morning in Paris once more.

NO. III.

PARIS, Jan. 28.

Friday night, after a two hours lesson in German, which, as my teacher speaks French alone, may be esteemed two hours in French also, I found myself at the Imperial theatre de l'Odeon, *vis a vis* with the Emperor and Empress. They were dressed in plain citizen's costume. The Emperor's face was marked with many a wrinkle, expressing care and thought, and at the same time of that slightly sallow hue, or rather bronzed tint, which give the appearance of great endurance. The Empress was pretty, but constantly in motion. They both seemed perfectly at their ease—paid attention to the play, and laughed, like every body else, at the good things. I have nothing to remark.

The next day I called on M. Robin, and got permission to attend the session of the Biological Society. I then paid a visit to M. Curtis, to ask for a ticket to the *seance annuelle* of the Academy of Sciences, which took place to-day.

This I felt I had a right to ask of him, as I had spent three days in translating the English article on fish-breeding, which I heard read at Glasgow, and of which I have spoken to you before, into French for him, at his request.

I spent an hour and a half in the afternoon at a lecture of Milne Edwards on the development of the ovum. After dining I went to the Theatre Francais, and at twelve o'clock found myself at the Opera Comique, where the great annual ball of the dramatic artists took place. I was advised to go there as the most brilliant ball of the season, and as infinitely more *respectable*, and on this account more interesting, than the masque balls that take place every Saturday night at 12, at the Grand Opera.

But these "*bals masques*," what spectacles! No description can do them justice, and the delineators of French manners, as far as I can see (Gavarni excepted) have not dared to attempt it. Although

I am attempting to give you some idea of the way in which I pass my time, by furnishing a connected diary of three days, and am now, as you see, at the Opera Comique, I can't refrain from trying to give you, by way of episode, a faint description of what I saw at the Grand Opera a week ago.

For seven and a half francs, you are admitted each Saturday night, at 12 o'clock, for the two months preceding the Carnival, to the largest theatre in France. On entering, you pass through galleries, saloons and refreshment rooms, crowded with Cavaliers in full dress and immense numbers of handsomely dressed females in dominos and masques. This privilege of the masque is only accorded to the ladies, the gentlemen never appearing thus attired. The chandeliers, the carpets, the statues, the gilding, and all would seem enough to confuse one, but instantly, on the contrary, you feel at home—you promenade, you lounge, you speak to any body, say what you please, and take every thing in return.

But the immense parterre, the seats removed, the floor planked over and lighted by thirty immense chandeliers presents the most striking scene. Here are congregated between 2,000 and 3,000 persons, in every imaginable costume. The voice of the Troubadour mingles with the war whoop of the American savage; Harlequin leans familiarly on the shoulder of the Grand Seigneur, while Madam Pompadour more than "half embraced," nor "half retiring from the glowing arm," whirls round in a giddy polka with a Miller. At the far end of this immense chamber, on an elevated stage, stands Strauss, himself a composer, and son of the author of the celebrated waltzes of that name, baton in hand, conducting his band composed of 100

performers. To give them the music was his charge only, and he was not unmindful of what they needed.

He screwed the pipes and made them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.

Those dashing, deafening peals of harmony seemed to do more for the dancer than simply

"Put life and mettle in their heels"

In their old fantastique dresses you no longer recognized them as a class of beings called dancers. They seemed to be the incarnation of Strauss' notes, or rather like demons, imps, and peris, for a long time imprisoned by some powerful enchanter in fiddles, flutes and horns, and now suddenly liberated in wild, tumultuous ecstasy by the magic of Strauss' black wand. There was also a goodly number of people, of all nations and ages, who waked by this noisy orgie from their repose, seemed to have come up there only to look on; but who, swept away by the excitement, had joined in the saturnalia, despite their former dignity; while a much smaller number of white-gloved, pantalooned fellows like myself, stood by as spectators. And while we

"gazed, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The pipers loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they cross'd, they dreekit,
Till ilka callant sweat and reekit."

The men in petticoats, women in breeches—now mixed in interminable confusion—now recalled by Strauss' strains—the hundreds threading these mazy labyrinths, finding their places again, jumping over each others heads and flinging one another up with twisting motion; and so high they "leapt and flang it" they seemed dancing

in the air, rather than on the floor—presenting, altogether, the most grotesque scene I ever witnessed. If you ever recollect to have seen a boy with a piece of a pipe stem in his mouth, with a green pea pierced by a pin, suspended at the other end, which he keeps whirling in mid air, and will just imagine a thousand of such peas, thus whirling, transformed into human beings in fancy costume, you will see before you the Parterre of the *bal masque* at the Grand Opera.

I have said that this *bal masque* was commended to me as especially *respectable*. This was its chief merit—this *respectability*! But what is the respectable? It is for our day only to give a definition. The respectable is an invention of modern times, just as the "*To Prepon*" and the "*To Kalon*" were Greek inventions. It had its origin, doubtless, in the social circles of the middle ages—perhaps an Eastern idea, imported and Europeanized by the crusaders. But now, when knight-errantry and its concomitants have long since become first Quixotic, and then obsolete, this, its ceremonial, singular enough, has survived and is still cherished. But, as the court dress of the last century is now worn by only menials and employees, so "the respectable" has become the inheritance of the middle-classes, and, whenever you see a thing that is quiet, sober and stupid, without being amusing, you may be sure "the respectable" rules there.

But this ball—how was it respectable. To me it was something more—something of a bore—worse, it was disgusting. There were the heroes and heroines with whom, at the theatres, I had over and over again laughed, wept, loved, quarreled, fought, humbugged, and committed suicide—all, all, so very *respectable*. I had thought them

beautiful, graceful, handsome, laughable, but now they were only "respectable;" that was the height of the ambition of those who had already touched, in my presence, every cord of the human heart. Here the glory had departed.—"Ichabod" was written upon all. Without paint and the foot-lights (and what would the *real* actors be without these?) the heroines were decidedly ugly; the heroes were nice, quiet young men. Another look and I saw plainly traced on their faces the indubitable marks of those moral diseases which are sickening under any circumstances, but which, when they come to us smooth and smiling, and dressed in honest folk's clothes—covering their obscurity with the masque of "respectability," and we in our cool sober senses look at them, we feel a chilly, clammy horror and disgust crawl over us. At the hospital I see deformity and disease and suffering. In the dissecting room I have seen mangled bodies.—There, I looked upon them with a kind of pleasure, or at least an interest which saw nothing loathsome. But when at night in my bed, my dreams have recreated these scenes around me, I have started up in an agony of disgust and fear.

The Masque Ball and this one have probably the same morals. At one place I admire the serpent that seems to be luxuriating in its sinuous folds with a sort of poisoned delirium; at the other this same serpent, its gaudy hues faded into "respectability," glides stealthily along under flowers, and seems to arrogate the right to wind its folds around me at its own pleasure!

But, not to moralize, the only person there who was not "respectable," and therefore interesting, was a little stout man with a profusion of diamonds, black moustache and

head of thick, long, curly, black hair. This was none other than the nephew of William IV. of England—Charles, exiled Duke of Brunswick. A man whose immense fortune is only equalled by his stupidity. His hair is made of black silk, and so notorious is his folly that when Louis Napoleon had collected twenty-five skew-ball horses for his coronation, and, that being put off, wished to get rid of them, he sold them to the Duke, who is now constantly mistaken for a circus manager as he is seen dashing about with his skew-balls.

To-day I went to the old Palais de Mazarin, to attend the annual session of the Academy of Sciences. As I passed through the court I encountered any number of liveried servants and carriages with coronets and the imperial arms on the panel. After taking my seat the first thing that struck me was the presence of a dozen or more soldiers stationed about the room, among an audience, every other man of whom was decorated with the cross or the ribbon of the legion of honor. Half an hour after an officer marched these myrmidons of the law out, and the illustrious members of the Academy, of the Institute, forty in number, entered. There was scarcely a middle aged man among them.—All were old and decrepid, just tottering on the verge of the next world. To-day they had met, as was their yearly custom, to make

their annual report of the year that was passed; first, to bestow the prizes on the young men who had, in the interval, distinguished themselves by works of merit; and secondly, to pronounce eulogies on their companions, who, having labored earnestly here in the cause of truth with them, had, since their last meeting, gone before them to enter in the next world upon a new field of labor.

Regnault, the celebrated chemist, presided, and Elie de Beaumont, the still more celebrated geologist, read out the prizes, which ranged from 2,000 francs to 500 francs in value; and to the number of more than thirty. M. Flourens then descended, and, taking his seat in front of the audience, pronounced, in a low voice, but distinctly and with good emphasis, a eulogy upon the great Buch. It was short, not more than three quarters of an hour long, and, what surprised me most, it did not affect the pathetic in a single instance. But when the orator made an effort, it was to excite the risibility of his audience. This he succeeded in doing several times—and with what harm? "*Quid vetat ridentem dicere verum.*" Such are the French. If you want them to listen to you you must make them laugh. Contrary to the custom of all other people, they commence their theatrical performances with a farce and end with a tragedy.

THE DUEL.

To advocate or excuse duelling we must begin by setting aside Christianity. They are opposed irreconcilably. The duellist who becomes a Christian—if his conduct is consistent with his profession—renounces the duel as he would the temple of Mammon or Moloch. The one teaches peace and good will, the other quickness to take offence and promptness to shed blood. The decalogue condemns the duel, the whole spirit of the sermon on the Mount forbids it. It is incompatible with all our conceptions of Christian character. We can no more think of St. Paul as assisting at the duel than as presiding, in Ephesus, at the altar of Diana. For a preacher of the gospel to excuse it even would be felt by all men to be a desecration of his sacred office. So far then as it concerns the religion of the country which all wise men respect, there is no room for discussion at all. It would be as admissible to institute an inquiry whether blasphemy or idolatry might not, with propriety, be regulated and practised in a Christian country.

But, further, Christianity is not a revealer only of the truth which lies beyond the reach of human intelligence unassisted by revelation, it is the clear authoritative teacher also of the moral law. It is not only the guide of faith, but the standard of moral duty. It is the perfection of natural reason in the science of ethics, as it is the light of the soul in religious truth. From this great arbiter of right there is no appeal. It condemns duelling utterly. The professed Christian must abstain from it as from falsehood, larceny, or gluttony. The one is as incompatible

as the other with the Christian's rule of moral conduct. He might as consistently advocate a system of organized robbery as a system of regulated homicide.

Again, in all Christian communities, Christianity pervades and influences the whole system of civil law. No legislature disregards its teaching. Every code of law breathes its spirit. The consciences of all Christian people would revolt at any enactment setting at naught or disregarding its sanctions. By the laws of every such people duelling is a crime. Its homicide is murder. It is subject by their penal codes to the same punishment as other murders. If not punished alike, it is the fault not of the law, but of unfaithful officers, whose duty it is to execute the law, and who permit an evil practice to trample it under foot, to their own discredit and the public injury.

It is admitted that the laws are opposed to duelling. Yet the defenders of the duel are reluctant to have it classed with brutal and vulgar crime. They attempt, therefore, to prove that the homicide of the duel is not the murder of the law. But this extenuating distinction rests on no foundation. The great expounders of the law pronounce the duellist's homicide to be murder. Their decision is conclusive. We can as well reason the seal off a bond as authority from their judgment.—“It would perplex all our ideas of morals” as well as of law, to invalidate that authority by any hair splitting distinctions. In the spirit of this subtle humor it is asked by the defenders of the duel, whether it has anything in common with

stealing to a man's bed at the dead of night and stabbing him in his sleep. But murder is not defined to be stealing to a man's bed and stabbing him in his sleep. The highwayman commits murder when, in open day, he assails and kills the armed and resisting traveller. The duellist, assassin and highwayman have this in common, they take life by violence, against the law, and against the decisions of the law authorities that the act is murder. Would you take the hand of the midnight assassin, it is asked, as you would the hand of the duellist—no, certainly. There is something more hateful in assassination than in ordinary murder—it is unnecessary to explain it. *But so far as the simple homicide is concerned*, we should have as little scruple in taking the hand of the bandit who had killed an armed and resisting traveller as of the duellist who has killed his man. There may, indeed, be more malignity in the last than in the first. If the duellist has sought the quarrel, if he is indulging some old grudge, if he kills with levity for a trivial offence, he hardly stands on as eligible ground as the less systematic homicide. The stain of blood is on the hand of each, as ineffaceably, at least, on the one as on the other. The homicide of the duellist and of the robber is equally the murder of the law.

It is easy then, and not the reverse, as a late writer remarks, to account for the immense array of authorities against the duel. How could it be otherwise. Men revolt at blood. Preachers of all creeds, therefore, from Fenelon to Channing, philosophers of all schools, the infidel and the orthodox, churches of every form of faith, the Episcopalian and the Puritan, the Catholic and the Protestant, Generals, Kings, Emperors, all agree in con-

demning the duel as indefensible and pernicious to society. Even the Atheists of the French revolution preserved their sanity on this subject. For one cause or another—religion, morals, the public good—men of all grades of opinion and station, have united in denouncing it as a crime.

Whether then we consult religion or the moral law, or the law of the land, their exponent in this matter, or the great intellects and pure consciences of the world, we find one uniform voice, not of condemnation only, but of abhorrence for the bloody orgies of the duellist's life.

But if duelling be thus opposed to religion, morals, law, and the judgment of the world's foremost men, it is not within the pale of legitimate argument. It is necessarily indefensible. Like the old Greek Geometer, it has no place to stand on. It must be an offence against good taste as well as sound judgment to excuse it seriously. If a defence of it is attempted as useful to society, the advocate of the duel must begin the controversy by turning out of Court all the great rules and sanctions of social life. It is like a lawyer controverting the existence or application of a law, and demanding of the judge to dismiss from view the acts of legislatures and the reports of judicial decisions. Yet on terms like these alone can any argument in favor of duelling be maintained at all. We admit them, therefore, for argument sake, and proceed to consider the claims of the duel in a merely utilitarian point of view as far as that is practicable in such a question. Is it useful in any conceivable way, under any possible circumstances? Must we not regard it rather as an evil practice, beginning in superstition, fostered by bad passions—by vani-

ty and revenge, the ape and tiger of the human heart—deplored by almost all considerate men, a reproach to magistrates, and a stain on the refinement and humanity of civilized States?

We believe that every step in the reasoning which seeks to prove the usefulness of duelling must necessarily involve a sophism. But sophisms are not always easy to be detected, and it is difficult to make them obvious to those whose opinions they defend. The first that is met in the question before us is in representing the duel as one of the customs and instruments of civilized life—customs of transient utility, changed or abandoned when the purpose is effected, used in an imperfect but discarded in a *mature civilization*, like judges, juries, oaths, the stocks, pillory, and gibbet—all evils to suppress or mitigate greater evils. The fallacy here is a common one. It consists in enumerating things resembling each other but essentially different, as belonging to the same class, and applying, to all, conclusions that are true only of some. It is like including all coins, base and genuine, in the class of money, and, as money is useful, to conclude that all coins are useful instruments in commercial exchanges. The counterfeit coin and the illegal custom bear the same relation to the true coin and the legal custom. Judges, juries, stocks, pillories and gibbets are instruments of society constituted by law; the duel is opposed to law. What is a just conclusion respecting the lawful coin and the lawful custom, is not sound as to the counterfeit coin and the custom against law. The first only are useful, the last are injurious.—The base money destroys commercial confidence, and embarrasses exchanges, the lawless custom saps the very foundation of society—the

supremacy of government and the laws. The bad coin and custom are not simply illegal, they are pernicious in their action and influence. They are not only crimes in themselves but destructive to the public good in their consequences.

We are not willing then to admit the claims of the duel to usefulness as standing on the same footing with those ancient and venerable servants of civilization, the stocks, pillory and gibbet. In addition to the essential difference between them from one being a true and the other a spurious coin of civilized life, the gibbet has the advantage, in age, in universality of usage, in fitness for the purposes to which it is applied. The duel professes to redress wrongs, but it strikes the wronged as often as the wrong doer, among its principals, and very often it involves the managing and assisting friends in the worst consequences of the quarrel. But the gibbet is more discriminating in its proceedings. It reserves itself for the criminal only. We never hear of judge, jury, or prosecuting lawyer being hanged in his stead, even when the mistake might be deemed a pardonable error. With the duel it is all hap-hazard. It is an even chance whether the innocent or the guilty suffer. The chances, indeed, are often decidedly against the injured party. The duel then must find a place with institutions of society less honored than the stocks or gibbet.

There are wrongs for which the laws provide no remedy. The duel interposes, it is said, to redress them. It sets aside the laws for this useful purpose. There are other instruments of society that share the honor and the task.—Lynch law, mob law, the higher law, the law of honor, are equally active and efficient in their several

departments. They are alike in being enacted by no lawful authority, in producing violence and bloodshed, in opposing all regular government, in meeting the condemnation of almost all supporters of order and legitimate rule. They are cherished, each by its proper class, have each its alleged purposes, are alike ascandal to magistrates, and are equally able to produce a defence for their proceedings sufficiently plausible to satisfy their several adherents.—They all redress wrongs beyond the reach of the law. Mr. Seward and his State, through a State legislature, expunge the acts of Congress and the decrees of the Supreme Court, because they are inconsistent with the higher law; a Boston mob rescues a slave or burns a convent, because they dislike slavery and convents, and the laws afford no remedy; the Louisville lynchers break into a jail and hang the prisoners, because the Courts cannot or will not convict them; a gentleman invites a neighbor to a convenient place and shoots him through the head, because he has been offended by a wry word, and the laws provide no redress for his wounded honor or violated self-love. In all these cases the actors believe that they are redressing wrongs; that the Courts present no adequate remedy; that they are justifiable in taking the matter into their own hands. The maxim is the same with all—where the law gives no sufficient redress every man may avenge himself or others, and all may decide on the nature of the wrong and the way to redress it. They are all alike incompatible with settled government and the supremacy of the laws. They equally bring all constituted authority into contempt and dispute, and lead to anarchy as far as their practice and principles ex-

tend. What wrong comparable with this can they pretend to cure? Is it the wounds only of the duellist's sensitive self-love? That would be sacrificing the highest to the very smallest purpose—cutting down the great shade tree of the homestead to make a gentleman's toothpick. Yet this is substantially the purpose of the duel. The sort of wrong alluded to is that which, ninety-nine times in a hundred, it is called upon to redress. The great interests of society are endangered and damaged to serve the fantastic purposes of the duellist's inordinate self-esteem. If the effects were not so lamentable to third parties and revolting to humanity, if the principle on which it rests were not so pernicious to established government, it might well be regarded as a farce too ludicrous for grave attention. So far then as principle is concerned, the duel, like mob law, is hostile to the existence of well ordered government. The wrongs which it would redress are for the most part of its own creating—a brood only from the hot bed of a morbidly cultivated self-love.

If there are wrongs of which it is a fit remedy, let it be made the legal remedy. Go back to the superstition that gave it birth.—Make it the handmaid of law and the instrument of justice. Let your law authorities, judge, sheriff and solicitor, preside over and direct the combat, and not wink at it, as they now do, in contempt of the powers by which they exist, and in utter disregard of their most solemn duties as conservators of the peace and executors of the laws. It is true we shall displace an enlightened Christianity for the superstitions of a dark, bloody and ignorant age, we shall graft on our legislation the code of revenge and hate, we shall exchange the cross

for the banner of one whom Milton includes in his magnificent catalogue of fallen spirits and ancient divinities, of

—Moloch, homicide besmeared with blood

Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.

But we shall act at least a manly and intelligible part and not, as we now do, sanction lawless combinations that treat government with contempt, and reduce the officers of the law to the deplorable condition of standing helpless and immoveable amid violations of the laws which they are sworn to enforce.

If we continue to make illegal homicide the redress for personal offences, why not apply the same remedy to the wrongs of property? Is not the remedy of the law as often a mockery in one case as in the other? Estates are lost by the ignorance, prejudice, partiality, of judge or jury. What then, are we to levy war and seize the land that has been taken from us under the forms of law? Why not proceed with the rights of property as with personal rights?—There are other wrongs which the infirmity of law cannot adequately punish—the injustice of parents, the disobedience of children, the ingratitude and desertion of friends, the profusion of the spendthrift, the brutality of the drunkard, the crimes of the miser, who hoards while his neighbor starves—for these the law supplies no remedy. But shall we, therefore, permit a volunteer avenger to carry a revolver in his pocket and shoot the ungrateful, the sottish and miserly? Offensive words are not such serious evils to the sensitive nerves of the duellist's self-esteem, which he calls his honor, as those enumerated are to society at large; why shall he be permitted to pistol the offender, in his case, in violation of

all laws, human and divine? If the greater offences are left to the tribunal of a cultivated public opinion, why not the less important? The duel is no fit substitute for this. It only disturbs and deranges it.

It is a fallacy then to assume that where the law affords no remedy sufficient in the party's judgment, he is free to find his own, and therefore the duel is right. It is equally a fallacy to assume that the duel is right, because the citizen has no choice except the duel or the Quaker system of non-resistance. Of the first fallacy, we have already spoken; of the second, it may be remarked that the right of self protection is a right recognized by the laws. If exercised in conformity with law, it infringes no moral or religious principle. It is asserted where the duel is unknown, and the supposed alternative of the pistol, or presenting the other cheek, is a supposed alternative only. We are not driven to the necessity of submitting to wrong or adopting an unlawful mode of repelling it. In a country of law we must be content with the remedies of law. In conforming to these, it does not follow, as we are told, that society is involved in more violence and disorder than it is when we resort to other modes condemned by law. The duel does not displace the casual conflict as is pretended. It is an additional evil only in social life.

For it is not true, as we are told it is, that the duel benefits society by removing a greater for a lesser evil, in substituting a regulated combat for a ruder conflict. There is nothing to support the assumption. Its origin, to which we have alluded, had no reference to any such end. The modern duel grew out of the judicial combat. The judicial combat was a barbarous

and superstitious appeal to God's judgment. It was permitted and ordered, regulated and witnessed by the legal authorities. The defeated party was adjudged to be guilty by the decision of God, and was punished by the laws. The duel was used by governments, not as a substitute for ruder conflicts, but in the place of courts, juries and judges. Its original purpose has ceased long since, what proof is offered that it serves another? When did it begin to suppress irregular broils? At what period has it assumed its new character and new duties? Is there any evidence that it has assumed them at all? Do street fights and personal conflicts cease where duelling prevails? Are they any more common where the duel has no existence? It is notorious that where the duel is most common in this country there the Bowie knife and revolver are in most frequent use. It is equally true that where personal encounters with deadly weapons or other weapons are comparatively rare, the practice of duelling is almost unknown. We are not comparing different degrees of civilization or modes of manners. Whether Northern or Southern civilization is the most advanced is one question, whether the pistol displaces the Bowie knife is another. We believe that cultivated and well educated gentlemen are very much the same every where, North or South, in Europe or in America, and that it would indicate a prejudiced provincialism to think otherwise. But with this subject at present we have nothing to do. What we have to do with, is the inquiry whether the duel displaces irregular broils? Does it lessen the number? Is it not rather an additional form of violence, so fashioned as to induce many men to commit what the law calls murder, who

would otherwise shrink from the very thought of it? This is its purpose, and this its genuine and only consequence.

It is a more just conclusion that one mode of violence, if tolerated, instead of suppressing, naturally produces others; that the regular leads to the irregular homicide, as in even legitimate war between nations, the armies of the belligerents produce hordes of marauders and lawless cut throats. Who can tell what evil effects are produced in this way by the duel among rude and ignorant men? They see a man killed and no question is asked. Neither coroner, nor solicitor, nor magistrate, nor judge, nor governor interferes. Their neighbor has avenged himself on his enemy by shooting him through the head—why should not they? They have the same passions to gratify, the same wrongs or greater to avenge. Their mode of proceeding will be somewhat different. Their weapon is not the same. They will have no formal witnesses or proceedings in mockery of the laws. But they know that the law condemns both homicides alike.—They understand none of the subtleties and sophistries which profess to distinguish the one from the other. These are whisks of straw to the fire of revenge. Why shall they not redress their own wrongs in their own way as the duellist is accustomed to do? What right has the duel to any exclusive privileges? With what propriety do our law officers pursue the homicide in the one case and not in the other? Why refuse the sympathies to the ignorant shedder of blood which they freely bestow on the instructed homicide? They are the guardians of justice and the laws, and they presume to determine when the laws shall be executed and when not. With what

pretence to propriety or a just regard to duty can any officer of the laws prosecute, condemn or execute a man for murder in one form, if he advocates or permits it in another—if he makes it a point of honor to shut his eyes on principal and accomplice who have committed murder in the duel, if he disregards the solemn sanctions of the laws of which he is the guardian, and assists in trampling its mandates and authority under foot? Can there be any more solemn paltering with the obligations of duty than this? In England, where the duel still exists, though not to the same disgraceful extent as with us, there is at least a show always of decent respect to the laws of the country. The duellist flies from justice. He does not laugh in its face. But, with us, blood is shed by violence—the dead body is carried home, in open day, through the streets, to frenzied wife and orphaned children and heart broken parents, and no one interposes, no officer of the law raises a finger to prevent or punish. Even pious Christians, old and young, individual and associated societies, stand paralyzed, and content themselves with a word of sorrow or censure only. If the duel is to cease, as we are told it will, in a *mature civilization and refined Christianity*, we are yet, God knows, a very long way from either.

But why object? Why not allow all parties to fight their own battles in their own way? If nations fight, why not individuals? The matter was better understood five hundred years ago. Then not only nations and individuals, but cities, towns, villages, earls, barons, knights, with their several forces great or small, carried on war at pleasure in every country of Europe. Even now the mob and the lynch gang have an evident lean-

ing to the old custom. Mexico and South America are somewhat addicted to it. In each republic, province makes war on province, and the civilizing effects of the right to fight among individuals and communities, regardless of the government, are widely felt by all our sister republics. The question hardly admits of a serious answer. We grant, for the sake of the argument, that nations have an unrestricted right to make war without moral guilt. It is because they have no common superior. They have not yielded their rights as separate communities to another party. There is no such party to judge between nation and nation, and to enforce the judgment. No party has the right or has the power. But in every regular government the individual citizen has yielded his right to the government. There is a party to judge between citizen and citizen, and to enforce the judgment. There is a party that has the right and has the power. It is the duty of every good citizen to yield obedience to the powers that be. Without this, government is impossible. *No man can be permitted to say that he has not yielded this or that right. The laws are the judge.* It is true that government is imperfect in its doings. Judges and juries are sometimes stupid, laws are imperfect, executives are feeble or faithless. But this in no wise alters the matter. Whatever is to be done, government must rule—not lynch law, nor mob law, nor the higher law, nor the law of honor. Government has determined that war by either of these authorities is illegal; that killing produced in the conflict is felony; that individuals shall not make war with individuals. If the laws and the government are imperfect, it is a good reason why they should be

amended; that ought to be the aim of every citizen—but to set them at naught, to establish another government within the government, to take life without its sanction, this cannot, for a moment, be consistent with the duty of Christian, citizen or man.

It is one of the fancied advantages of the duel that it protects character—secures it from the *levity of gossip* and the *malignity of the slanderer*. We think not. In all our long experience we have perceived no diminution of gossip and slander in any portion of the world. They are, like duelling, institutions of society, independent of law. They are invulnerable to pistol or Bowie knife—to regular or irregular homicide. If higher considerations cannot suppress them they are proof against the feeble efforts of the duel. The pasquinade and charivari are immortal in Rome and Paris. To attempt to subdue the spirit of scandal by the pistol is only uniting an evil to an evil—murder to slander. We are not substituting one for another—to the lesser we add a greater. What was bad we make worse.

It is said to guard the *invaluable courtesies and refinements* of social life. No one pretends that it produces them. If it did, the refinement would be in proportion to the extent of the practice. The most civilized community the world has known would be Ireland, as Barrington describes it; the most barbarous, those in which the duel has been unknown. Yet no one admires the society of Ireland eighty years ago, and to say nothing of modern society, it is difficult to prove that the social intercourse of Greece and Rome was less refined than our own. Apart from religious influences with which the duel has nothing in common, the instruments and aids of civili-

zation were common among them; music, poetry, sculpture, painting, social assemblies for discussing literary subjects with the nicest taste and most perfect decorum were all at their command. Have we any conversations more admirable for gentlemanly courtesy and high breeding than those described by Cicero? What modern wine parties are superior to the parties of Horace or Mæcenas? They had in perfection all the arts that are said to soften manners and preserve them from being savage, except only the modern art of cutting each other's throats in a ceremonious fashion. This was left to slaves and gladiators in their day. It exists now in refined society, and we make the common mistake in reasoning—*post hoc, propter hoc*—the mistake that made Tenterden steeple the cause of Godwin sands, or that would consider the Thames tunnel as the cause of England's supremacy in commerce, or taking snuff from a gold box the source of refinement in French manners.—The best guard for the courtesies of life are the influences that produce them. We have higher now than existed formerly. But the duel is not among them.

But a man must guard his reputation, and the world requires him to resent a word with a pistol shot. This is an example only of the vicious reasoning which is called reasoning in a circle. If a man of honor is affronted he must fight—why? Because the world requires it. The world requires the man of honor to fight for an affront—why? Because men of honor fight when affronted. So far from guarding reputation, the duel is a snare to it. You are treated with impertinence or insolence. Every true gentleman who hears it condemns the impertinent and the insolent. But the aggrieved party challenges the

aggressor and forthwith a new issue is made. The opponents now are condemned or approved on other considerations. If from nature or circumstances or accident your bearing is less bold or collected than your adversary's, he will be commended and you, the wronged party, will become an object of contempt or pity. At the risk of your life you relieve the wrong doer from the frown of the community and do injustice and injury to your own cause. You reverse the natural and right decision of the public mind and stultify public opinion to your own harm and the common injury.

Great importance is given by its friends to the nice proprieties and ceremonious observances of the duel. Without them it would become, as it often is, a mere brutality. The fairness or unfairness of a duel is therefore an important consideration in the courts, if it ever gets there, and in public opinion. If management or manoeuvre has been resorted to, it is worse than a street fight. How often are duels entirely fair? How often is there a tolerable equality in skill or practice, without which there can be no true fairness? How often are they free from little advantages taken on one side or the other by the more adroit or experienced—advantages of sun or shade or position or the range of an object? If the beau ideal of the duel is murder, what does it become with its devices and trickeries? It is at once criminal and despicable; it is no better than assassination.

It is not merely unequal and unfair occasionally or by accident, it is so essentially. The advocates of the duel claim that it equalizes combatants. How does it equalize them? Have men equal skill with the pistol? Can they acquire equal skill? Have they the same

quickness of eye, or steadiness of nerve, or coolness of temper, or rapidity of action? Admitting two men to be equals in courage, one is impulsive, fidgetty, nervous, irritable; the other is calm, quiet, steady, impassable. Are these men equal? One will be trusted to shoot the cockade from the hat on a friend's head; the other is in danger of hitting his own toes and hardly strikes a barn door once in three trials—can any inequality in physical strength be as fatal and incurable as this? Other causes of inequality, admitting no remedy, will easily present themselves to the mind of the reader.

We have thus passed in review the supposed benefits of the duel, and tried to show that it is not, like the gibbet, a recognized and useful instrument for social purposes; that it redresses wrongs as mob law redresses them, at the expense only of the vital interests of society; that systematic homicide does not suppress irregular modes of murder; that it has not the necessity or authority of national war; that it is no protection from gossip and scandal; that it neither produces nor preserves the courtesies of life; that it betrays reputation, not protects it; that it never equalizes combatants as it pretends to do; that its benefits are ideal—false pretences only—and its effects always and every where pernicious to society.

The indirect evils from these false pretences of the duel in breaking down the highest sanctions of social life are attended by others more direct and palpable. It establishes in society a spurious authority above the government and the law to which their officers themselves are subservient. It sets up a false standard of right above the true one. We profess to believe it the duty of every good citi-

zen not only to obey the law but to support it, and in the face of this profession we permit a practice to continue which defies all legitimate authority. The civil laws and all government are superseded by the law of honor,—silent *leges inter arma*.

Let us ask what is this law of honor that so presumptuously tramples on the constituted authorities of the people; what are its immediate and necessary consequences?

Ask ninety-nine men in a hundred what honor is and they will give no intelligible answer. South calls honor the Diana of men of the world. They proclaim her greatness loudly and incessantly, but attach no meaning to their outcry. There is nothing about which there is so much loose talk and confused thinking. It is not the vulgar thing called virtue. It is not the Christian charity which includes all excellencies of morals and manners. It is not the justice or equity of the upright judge. It is a substitute for all these, and excludes them all. And what, again, is the law of honor? It is not the law of God, the moral law, the law of the land. It is independent of these. It is defined by Paley to be the code by which men of the world regulate their conduct towards each other. But as the only published codes of honor ever recognized or alluded to are confined to the regulation of the duel, the law of honor would seem to be nothing more than certain rules determining the mode in which offensive acts, words and looks shall be avenged or punished. Men of honor are those who are governed by this law. Honor is ready obedience to it, as virtue is obedience to the moral law. This is the true nature of honor. The word is ambiguous, and leads easily therefore to false reasonings.—

We give it different significations and fall into erroneous conclusions. It is often confounded with elevated and refined integrity—a nice, sensitive, cultivated moral sense, which is often found in men who admit the obligations of the code of honor. This delicate moral sense is common to these men and to the devout Christian who abhors the duel. It is not therefore the distinctive property of the man of honor. The quality only which is common to men of honor can constitute the principle of honor. This common property is readiness to give and take redress for wrong by a resort to the pistol. This is honor, the principle of honor; it must not be confounded with properties which are sometimes associated, but have no necessary connection with it, as fine fruit is often engrafted on a worthless stock.

The direct tendency of this law, or principle of honor, is to produce and foster in society, a factitious sentiment of personal dignity, a morbidly sensitive self-love, a promptness to take offence, a readiness to revenge slight injuries, a false reputation for elevation of character, a false shame, inordinate pride, a distorted standard of right and wrong, of civilization and refinement. These tendencies are best seen in its perfect type—not the fanciful but the true exemplar—not dressed up in adventitious properties, but confined to its own. In a community addicted to the duel, the most reckless to take another's life, or expose his own, the coolest and most expert homicide, the readiest to resent a word, the most tenacious about yielding the slightest point of a certain etiquette, is the standard character among gentlemen of honor—the arbiter, the authority by which conduct is regulated and quarrels adjusted. His dexterity, calm-

ness, steadiness of nerve, promptness to avenge a word or look, are objects of envy, praise, and emulation. This is the true impersonation of the modern duel, not that of fancy, but of fact. This is the character which springs from the practice, its consummate condition and necessary consequence, in action not in theory. Its evil influences are general. What they are in particular on delicately formed, sensitive minds, with nice conceptions of propriety, scrupulous in morals, yet quick to be affected by public opinion, may be more easily imagined than described.

The pernicious tendency of the duel in giving importance and distinction to the most dextrous and determined homicide, often induces men who would shrink from ordinary or unregulated murder, to seek opportunities for the systematic murder of the duel. In the one case, they incur the detestation of the community, and the risk of being hanged; in the other, they avoid both and acquire reputation besides. The duel thus directly promotes and rewards homicide. The single supposed restraint, the exposure of his own life, is no restraint at all. His courage is admitted to be reckless, his skill is unerring, he runs less risk in perpetrating his murders than the highwayman and housebreaker, in committing theirs. Their objects and inducements are equally prized and urgent, with one party it is plunder, with the other, distinction and station among men of honor.

From this cause and the unavoidable inequality in the duel before alluded to, one of its prominent evils arises. We have noted its ill effects of example and influence, but that mischief is not all. It produces others still more odious. In every community addicted to

duelling, there will be one man remarkable for all the properties that constitute the unerring shot. If he happens to be peaceable, though his skill will tend to make him otherwise, it is fortunate for society. But if arrogant, insolent, and overbearing, he becomes the scourge of his neighborhood. Who has not heard of men like this? If to his other endowments he adds a vicious character and plausible address, the evil is tenfold greater. For the code of honor does not exclude from its adherents the gambler, the dissolute, the hard drinker, the dishonest even, if he is careful only to pay his debts of honor with ready punctuality. Over the young around him, ambitious of distinction as men of honor, his power is unbounded and pernicious. He has every youth's life at his mercy—*quisquis vitam suam contempsit vitæ tuæ dominus est*—he is reckless of his life, he is master of the lives of others, because he is ready to risk his own. Worse than that! he has the young man's character at his mercy frequently, and very often he has no mercy. He is the incarnation of cruelty, a very priest of Moloch, mocking the disgrace he inflicts, if it is not resented, and shooting the injured party, if it is. He is the genuine and inevitable product of the duellist's school.

It is the remark of the philosophic historian, that as civilization and refinement advance, the penal code, in every nation, is curtailed and softened. A hundred offences punished with death, in England, eighty years ago, are now subjected to minor penalties. The public mind becomes impatient of blood. The axe is abandoned, the gibbet is removed from sight. Life is taken with reluctance even in cases where the interests of society imperatively require it. But the re-

fining and civilizing code of the duel, knows no mitigating change. Death is the punishment now, as of old, for a hasty word or a scornful look. The most aggravated injury can demand no more. There is no proportion kept between the offence and the penalty, no softening of the code of carnage. To hang for many, even serious offences is no longer tolerated, but men of honor still shoot each other through the head for a trivial word, or an offensive gesture.—And this, we are told, is a refining and civilizing custom, to be defended and cherished. What can we hope from it? Is it possible for a system that tolerates and requires indiscriminate slaughter for every conceivable offence, to have any just claim to refinement, civilization, or ordinary humanity?

It is the misfortune of society, that the code of duelling, or the law of honor, as it is commonly called, is the law of the educated, the wealthy, the fashionable, the elevated in rank, and station, both in this country and in Europe; men who condemn mob law without measure, but steadfastly adhere to their own; who easily see that lynching leads to anarchy, but will not understand that the duel rests on no better principle. The one is the usage of the multitude, the other of the gentleman, that only is the difference. In England princes and nobles have sanctioned the duel by their practice; in America, lawyers and doctors, politicians and statesmen have yielded obedience, often unwillingly, to its mandates. There are noble exceptions. We can thank God that Washington, the highest and purest type of man and gentleman, is one among them. But it is the common vice of the noble and the great. Hence the laxity of judges, sheriffs, magistrates, in performing

faithfully their duty, to execute the laws and to punish the duellist; hence the difficulty encountered by wise legislators in suppressing what they know to be an offence against every law of God and man. Hence the notion that homicide is chivalrous and refining. Hence the inconsistencies of men high in station and character, who condemn it and yet are weak enough to support it by their practice. Hence the numerous pretended reasons why a man shall be allowed, in open day, in the sight of witnesses, with deliberate design, in contempt of coroner, magistrate, sheriff, solicitor and judge, to shoot down his neighbor, and no one interferes to punish the culprit and avenge the majesty of the laws. The Mrs. Grundy of the great and powerful, commands attention and speaks always with an imperious voice that frightens her subjects. When it is said that the duel is the result very often, not of courage but of fear, we mean the fear of that dread voice which is obeyed with a deep consciousness in the party, that he is doing wrong to every high principle that ought to govern society; that he is setting at naught the laws of man and the commands of God.

We have so far written as to men gravely laboring to defend the duel. We have, therefore, taken a cursory view of the reasons usually assigned in its behalf, and the evils it produces. Not that we admit for a moment, that any reasons in themselves can be worth an answer, which are offered in behalf of a practice, at variance with all laws human and divine. Nevertheless, a grave argument is entitled to a serious reply. We have so replied, therefore, to the defenders of the duel. We have attempted to show that setting aside, for argument sake, all the great sanctions of social life, without which

society can have no existence, and taking a merely utilitarian view of the duel, there is nothing to approve, everything to condemn; it is productive of mischievous effects and influences only, and its benefits are imaginary; it is kept alive, as any other vice is kept alive, by bad passions and the strong influence of those who indulge in it.

But is the argument for duelling to be taken seriously? Can a writer be supposed to be in earnest who maintains a proposition under such extraordinary conditions?—When we gravely reply to the defence of a systematic plan for committing murder, are we not like the man who takes seriously Swift's *modest method to prevent the children of the poor of Ireland from being a burthen to their parents and the country*, where the Dean tells the reader, that a young, healthy child, well nursed at a year old, is most delicious, nourishing and healthy food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled, or as he makes no doubt, in a fricassee or a ragout? Shall we not resemble one who reads the history of the Houyhnhnms, and solemnly undertakes to disprove the story, that horses are able to talk; or who sets about refuting the essay of Whately, written to prove that no such man as Napoleon Bonaaparte ever existed? When we consider the pro-duel argument as any thing more than a master-piece in literary gymnastics, are we not in the unenvied condition of a victim to a clever hoax? We fear so. There are men who regard all such questions as exercises only in logic and rhetoric—sharp wits, who find an agreeable excitement in subtle speculations, and to whom fiction affords an ampler field than truth. They delight, therefore, in strange theories and paradoxes, on all questions, social, political, historical and

literary. They love bye-ways and devious paths, and scorn the broad and beaten public road. One maintains that the New Zealander, with fish bones through his nose and ears, tattooed and covered with fish oil and ochre, is a more happy and dignified creature than the civilized man; another, that Homer's poems are a collection of fugitive tales from different hands; another overturns all ancient history, to re-write it in the 19th century; another vindicates the claims of the third Richard, to personal beauty and sweetness of temper; another discovers something human and humane in Robespierre and Marat; another demonstrates that there is no material world; another annihilates mind as well as matter; another, De Quincey, discusses murder as one of the fine arts; and another expatiates elaborately on the excellences of regulated homicide or private war. The two last have hit upon kindred topics for their skill in dialectics. Their essays may be considered twin treatises—murder considered as a fine art, and duelling as a refining and civilizing institution present an equal and similar field for ingenious reasoning. It is difficult to say which is the most graceful and adroit performance. There is as little reason in the one subject as in the other, for supposing that the writers could have any serious meaning. Their readers would commit an intolerable blunder, to reply as though they had, and yet, we are afraid, it is the very blunder into which we have fallen ourselves.

There is an obvious resemblance in the subjects of the two writers, as murder and duelling are very much the same thing. There is the same similarity in the point of view in which they are taken—as a fine art, and as a refining art. Whatever may be said of the one,

in this aspect, appears to be equally true of the other. There is much that is alike also in the subordinate topics, allusions and illustrations.

To make the parallel more striking, and simplify the comparison, we will confine it to one branch only of murder considered as a fine art, to the Indian custom of Thuggee. Thuggee and duelling are both founded on the ineradicable instincts of our nature; they are both of religious origin; are opposed to the laws of the country; have societies and classes devoted to their practice; have been subjected to rules and ceremonious observances; have produced artists of great celebrity; are nice and exclusive in their implements; abound in excitement, mystery and secrecy; are instruments of society, useful in their way, evils to prevent greater evils; and they will cease "under a refined Christianity and mature civilization."

They equally spring from passions of the human heart, which no earthly power can subdue or tame. They alike assert religion to be their source. Thuggee indeed occupies still higher ground, it retains its religious character. The judicial combat has passed away, but the Thuggee temple and rites are still existing. The devotional element imbues and regulates the whole institution.

They are alike opposed to the laws, and until lately with the same impunity. The native Indian authorities winked at Thuggee, or approved, as our magistrates now do in reference to duelling. The British government has lately interfered very improperly with the Thug's freedom of religious opinion. There is no reason to think that our more considerate rulers will follow so bad an example.

The devotees of Thuggee, are a

large community, more numerous than the adherents to the code of honor, and have at least as high respect and reverence for their craft or calling. They are subject to exact rules in the practice of their art, and have this advantage, that their rules are prescribed and sanctioned, not by unauthorized individuals, as with the duelling code of Wilson, but by a regular established priesthood.

If duelling has its heroes, not less celebrated, sung at high festivals, and enshrined in a people's memories, are the distinguished chiefs of Thuggee. The reports of the Indian courts, give numerous instances of remarkable Thugs—men who have exhibited courage and resolution in every danger and trial of their vocation. Among them "we find displayed the most unflinching courage, the most ardent self-devotion, the most sublime magnanimity, the coldest self-possession, the most deliberate contempt for the king of terrors." If it be thought, however, that Thuggee is deficient in those evidences of active courage produced by the duel, "so full of excitement and interest," there are other branches of the fine art of murder, which will supply examples which duelling has never equalled. In the history of pirates and buccaneers, every form of daring, of self-possession, of contempt of death, of rushing into battle, not one man with one man, but one with a hundred, is found without end. What, compared with theirs, is the parlor bravery of the duellist, refreshed with cologne water, and fenced off at ten paces? The one is the work of boys, the other of giants.

The more manly warfare of the buccaneer, is not so nice in its tools as the refined system of the duel. But Thuggee is greatly superior to

both. A silk cord or handkerchief is the only implement. It is more beautiful, even than the nicest saw handle pistol. There is no locking and unlocking mahogany cases; wiping out barrels or ramming down powder and bullet; nothing to soil the nicest hand or glove; no giving of signals; no noisy report; every thing is clean, neat, quiet and efficient.

It is also superior to our refining art in the secrecy and deliberation with which it proceeds. The advocates of the duel, have justly blamed judges and legislators, for the preference which they improperly give to manslaughter—to *killing quick, or in hot blood*—a proceeding, which the courts seem to favor more than killing with forethought. The duel prefers the slower and more methodical mode. But in calm, deliberate, silent action, Thuggee is, beyond measure, superior to the duel. For weeks, for months, the Thug pursues his purpose. There is no bustle, no protocolling of seconds, no preparation or practice of arms, no important faces whispering and fussing from house to house, no consulting of friends, no advisings of clumsy umpires, the business of the Thug glides along like time, sometimes as slow, sometimes as fast, always as silent, mysterious and certain.

As instruments of civilization—evils to remove greater evils—Thuggee and the duel have equal claims to high consideration.—Duelling is the substitute for street fighting, biting, gouging, and the Bowie knife, which gentlemen, would necessarily resort to if debarred from the pistol. Thuggee displaces in like manner, the coarse brutal homicides, that would otherwise prevail. How superior is it to the horrible mutilations and massacres of a Mahratta horde, or the still more savage throat cutting

of the vulgar city villain. Thuggee permits no violence, no bludgeons, nor slung shots, nor knives, nor hatchets, nor mallets. Every thing proceeds calmly and gently. Not a cry is heard, not a struggle. No blood streaming from ghastly wounds, no brain oozing from fractured skulls, no mangled bodies disgust or terrify the passing traveller. All is done quietly, with order and the nicest decorum.

It has been related as a mark of the *duel's* refining influence, that when the proud Earl of Shelburne came on the ground to meet an opponent, he was obliged to enquire who was the gentleman, that expected his attentions. If he had delayed the inquiry until he shot his antagonist, he might have asked who the gentleman was, that he just had the honor of killing.—Even then the Thug would be the superior in perfect exemption from all malice. He neither knows the subject of his art, nor ever inquires who he is, alive or dead. He has no unkind feeling towards him. He has even a sort of regard for him, as the priest has for the victim, whom he offers in sacrifice to his gods.

If it be objected to Thuggee, or to the duel, as a fine art or a refining art, that they occasion a great destruction of human life, the reply is obvious in either case. *What is human life? It is not a property, but a loan.* The patriot devotes it. The martyr makes it an offering. A thousand lives are lost in perfecting an art, in steamboats, on rail roads, or in carrying a military post or storming a city, why not a comparatively few in the arts of duelling and Thuggee, both intended to guard the decencies of civilized life from the barbarities and savagery of coarser modes of killing?

The writer who discusses murder

as a fine art, is much more comprehensive in his views, than we have represented him. He goes back to the Sicarii of the Hebrews, to the nation of Ansayrii or assassins, to the venerable patriarch of murder, the Old Man of the Mountains. He refers to the wonderful tales told in history of the daring courage, skill, zeal, and fidelity of that Patriarch's devoted followers. No supporter of the modern law of honor could exceed, or perhaps equal them in adhesion to the point of honor, or in the qualities necessary to maintain it.

As murder will exist, as it is rooted deeply in the instincts of our nature, as no effort of rulers

has been or will be able to prevent it, it is most happy for society, that it should be so admirably regulated in the various forms, in which our two writers have presented it. But we have said enough to show the great ingenuity with which two of the most conspicuous of these forms have been exhibited for the reader's admiration and applause, as refining and civilizing arts or institutions. Both writers, we think, have made out their cases with success, and after reading their essays we shall be constrained to esteem both arts, systems, or customs, Thuggee and the duél, as alike worthy of all mens' approbation and applause.

THE SEASONS.

[Chinese.]

Flowers without number bud and blow around;
On the blue river's brink the peony
Burns red, and where doves coo the lute is heard,
And hoarse black crows caw to the eastern wind.

Under the plane tree in the shaded grove,
Screened from the light and heat, the idler sits,
Brooding above the chess board all day long,
Nor marks, so deep his dream, how fast the sun
Retreats at evening to his western house.

When autumn comes men close their doors, and read;
Or at the windows loll to catch the breeze,
Freighted with fragrance from the cinnamon:

The snow is falling on the balustrade
Like dying petals, and the icicle
Hangs like a gem; all crowd around the fire,
And rich men drink their wine with merry hearts,
And sing old songs, nor heed the blast without.

THE VOICE, THE HAND, AND THE SILHOUETTE.

BEING THE TITLE OF A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A STOVE.

"There is Giessen, sir," said the driver of the Eilwagon, as we passed along the avenue of poplars leading from Kleinden, "the mountains you are regarding on your left, each supporting a ruin, are Vetzberg and Gleiberg."

"And that on the right?"

"Is Schiffenberg. If it were not for the forest beyond Giessen, you might also see the Staufenberg mountain, where the students are in the habit of fighting their duels."

As he said this, he looked at my vest, to see if I wore the ribbon of a fighting student, and, not discovering any, smiled—no doubt imagining the sport I must afford the *bemossed-heads*, when I should pass the ordeal of initiation into a corps of the Burschenschaft.

It was the first of October, 184—. The sun had set behind the mountains, and it was growing dark. A venerable church-steeple rose from the centre of Giessen, and a deep-toned bell announced that some one was appared for the grave.

As we entered the town, my attention was attracted to a large building, at the gate of which stood a hearse, with four horses gorgeously caparisoned.

"What building is that?" I asked.

"That is the Hospital," answered the driver.

"Is it possible," I continued, "that any one entitled to such funeral honors, has been left to die in a hospital?"

"Do you hear the ravings of a madman?" enquired the driver, restraining his horses, and holding his head forward to listen, "do you

hear any one calling upon his friend Maxwell, and chiding him for not coming to his rescue?"

"I hear nothing," was my reply.

"Then this is the first time in one month, that I have passed here without hearing his cries. No doubt the poor fellow is dead.—You will not be long in Giessen before you hear of his duel, and the strange——"

"What," said I, interrupting him, "wounded in a duel!"

"Oh no, sir, on the contrary, he killed his man."

We now drove rapidly along the gloomy street. It had been a market day. Here, could be seen the plump Hessiap girl urging her frolic-loving swain to return to their village home; and there, the matron, with developed authority, forcing her good man from his comrade, with whom he had just drunk his fourteenth choppin.

I was set down at the Einhorn hotel, where the jolly host gave me a warm reception, and, finding that I spoke English better than German, handed me over to his chief waiter, Franz, who understood English almost as well as his vernacular. I was conducted to a room overlooking the street, and left to recover from the fatigue of travelling. It was not long before I threw myself upon the bed—for the journey from Frankfort to Giessen, is a wearisome one, occupying as it does two days and a night. I had scarcely fallen asleep before I was startled by a noise in the street. I did not collect my thoughts sufficiently to conjecture what it was until it had died away to a mere rumbling sound in the

distance;—it must have been a public conveyance. My attention, however, was diverted by a strong light. Supposing it to be a fire, I ran to the window and opened it. The spectacle that met my view was one I had often looked upon before—it was a torchlight procession approaching the town from the direction of the Schiffenberg mountain.

It is a custom in the German Universities, to bury the dead student by night. A more solemn ceremony cannot be witnessed. If the black coffin, the slow pace, and the drooping crape be expressive of the awe with which the grave inspires us, why bury the dead in the brightness of day; when, to the idle spectator, all our display of grief is lost in the glee of nature—the green foliage, the song of the birds, the chirp of the grasshopper? Why not bury the dead by night—when the torch makes each tree a weeping willow; and the mourner dreads not the approach of night, but awaits, with comforting expectation, the rising of the sun, to visit the loved one's grave, gemmed by the morning dew?

I rang the bell, and Franz was again in my presence.

"I see a lengthy torch-light procession yonder—is there a student to be buried to-night?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "if you wish to be present at the burial, I will conduct you."

I hastily dressed myself, and accompanied him into the street.—As we proceeded along the dimly lighted alleys, he gave me some account of the person about to re-

ceive these romantic demonstrations of respect. It had reference to the same unfortunate individual, in whom the driver of the Eilwagen had interested me. The particulars narrated by Franz, however, referred to a catastrophe so mysterious that I thought the incident leading to it must have been exceedingly terrible. Indeed, I found myself specially interested in it, because an American was an actor in the drama, and I felt it my duty to enquire into the matter. The circumstances related by Franz were as follows:

"This student, whose name was Winther, died a maniac, and his madness dated from the moment when he slew his mortal enemy in a pistol duel. As the latter fell, he cursed Winther with his dying breath, and threw from his bosom a Silhouette.* Winther no sooner saw it than he sprang into the air like one shot through the head; and, from that moment to the hour of his death, had been an ungovernable madman. An American, by the name of Maxwell, was Winther's second. When he caught sight of the Silhouette, he became very pale, and declined so rapidly in health, that he never could give any account of his conduct. He died, three weeks afterwards, sitting in his arm-chair.

"Did no other persons see this Silhouette?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Franz, "some gentlemen who were present saw it—in fact, picked it up from the ground, for it did not reach Winther by several paces. It is now in the possession of the police. It is an ordinary pasteboard Silhou-

* A Silhouette is a miniature profile of the human face, painted in uniform black color upon white pasteboard. The students exchange them with one another as tokens of esteem. The letters Z. F. E., always written at the bottom in the handwriting of the donor, are the initials of *Zur Freundschaft Erinnerung*—in plain English for a token of friendship.

ette of the face and bust of a female. A long guard of auburn hair was attached to it, and, though much bespattered with blood, these words could be deciphered at the bottom: *a token of love from Bertha to Adolph*. Winther's name was Adolph, but beyond this the Silhouette afforded no clue to an explanation of the extraordinary effect it had upon him and his second."

Musing upon this strange recital, I was led into an open place, where the procession had met the hearse. An immense crowd had assembled. A band of musicians poured forth the swelling strains of a funeral march, and the procession moved forward. In the open hearse could be seen the coffin decorated with a profusion of flowers; and upon it were crossed the swords and foils of the student—all to be buried with him. Arriving at the cemetery, the burial was finished, and the curate delivered an address full of feeling. He alluded to the mysterious circumstances attending the career of the deceased; and exhorted his fellow-students to divest his memory of suspicion, and let the many virtues, which had endeared him to them, cover his faults, as roses do the thorns among which they grow.

The multitude, after extinguishing their torches, dispersed, and I returned to the hotel.

The next morning I went with Franz to search for lodgings in a private house. He told me the rooms which Maxwell had occupied were vacant. This information determined me to secure them, and I desired Franz to conduct me at once to the house.

"There was here," said he, "a gentleman from Scotland by the name of McDonald, in close intimacy with Winther and Maxwell. He returned to the hotel, the night

before he left Giessen, so dreadfully agitated that it was fearful to look at him. He departed the next morning with great reluctance, hesitating long before he would enter the Eilwagon. That very morning, Winther encountered his victim, (for the public feeling was entirely on the side of the latter,) and stabbed him in the throat, with a curious knife, such as had never been seen here before. Take my word for it, sir, this McDonald is the only man who can throw any light upon —."

"I thought you told me that Winther had slain this man in a duel?"

"He did, sir, five or six weeks afterwards; for the wound in his throat did not prove mortal."

We now stood before the house. Upon ringing the bell, a neatly dressed servant girl, with whom Franz seemed well acquainted, made her appearance, and, being informed of the object of my visit, conducted us up stairs to the third story. We then passed along a corridor, at the termination of which was the door leading into the apartments that had been occupied by Maxwell. Before entering this door, I happened to look up, and saw a square opening in the ceiling, capable of admitting the body of a man, and, no doubt, contrived for the purpose of conveying water to the top of the house, in case of fire. Observing a portion of a circular object extending over the edge of this opening, I thrust my stick against it, and, thereby, tilted over a large bottle, of the sort used for the preservation of anatomical preparations. It was filled with a fluid resembling naphtha, and fell, with a crash, at the feet of Betschen, the servant girl. She started back, with a degree of agitation that excited my surprise, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Franz! Franz! there is the same smell—it has the same smell the hand had!"

I looked at the girl with astonishment.

"You must know," said Franz, noticing the change in my countenance, "that Betschen, here, is easily frightened by trifles ever since the night before the morning on which the Scotchman took his suspicious departure. He and Winther were spending that evening here, with Mr. Maxwell. Things went on quietly until about midnight, when a tremendous noise, that shook the whole building, caused all the inmates of the house to rush up stairs. They found the door, here, torn from its hinges, and the room in the utmost disorder. Mr. Maxwell was lying insensible upon the floor; while Winther, with the coat sleeve of his right arm, burnt nearly off, was pacing the room in a frantic manner. McDonald stood with his arms folded, and was regarding, in amazement, a small shrivelled hand, with a ring upon one of its fingers, which was lying on the table. Upon the floor was a shattered porcelain dish, and, half consumed by fire, a long, black crape curtain was hanging from the top of the door. You recollect, I told you, it was the very next morning that the rencontre took place between Winther and this——."

"By the by, Franz, what was this man's name?"

"His name was——"

We were interrupted by a sudden cry and start from Betschen.

"Franz!" she exclaimed, clinging to his arm, "there's a ring."

We looked down upon the floor, and there, sure enough, was a plain gold ring lying among the fragments of the broken jar.

"Oh, Franz," continued Betschen, "the hand must have been

kept in that jar. Oh, yes, it must be so. When it shrivelled, the ring dropt from the finger, and was left in the bottom of the jar. But how did it get up there? Who could have put it there?"

"What do you mean, Betschen?" I enquired.

"Oh, sir, the hand! the hand that was found upon the table that night—so pale and shrivelled."

I was about to question the girl further, in relation to her singular agitation, but was prevented by a circumstance, perhaps, the strangest ever encountered. I was bewildered, and if I had been alone, no doubt I would have been terrified. It is impossible for me to convey to the reader, anything like an appreciation of the perplexity, under which I labored for twenty-four hours; or, of the uncontrollable admiration, to which I yielded, when the puzzle was explained, and I caught a conception, imperfect as it was, of the most wonderful contrivance, that ever originated with genius.

I was about to ask the servant girl some other question, when I felt something like a spider's web, brush across my face. The idea of a spider's web was, however, only momentary; for, instead of adhering to the skin, like that substance, it rebounded, leaving a sensation of metallic coldness and hardness, and the impression of vibration. Cautiously advancing my right hand, I caught it between my forefinger and thumb, and brought it close up to my eyes; but the most intense scrutiny enabled me to see nothing. I pulled upon it, and found that it connected, in some way, with the square opening overhead. I next brought my left hand forward, and, with my thumb nail, put it in vibration, like the string of a violin. It seems almost incredible, but a tone of indescribable sweetness was elic-

ited, which, reaching the ears of Franz and Betschen, forced the latter, to run towards the stairs, with the intention of making her escape; while the other, alarmed at my abstracted, or rather concentrated gaze, caught me roughly by the right arm, thereby causing me to feel a distinct snap, and, at the same time, to lose my hold upon the mysterious substance. I called Betschen back, and quieted her, by explaining what had happened. After searching upon the floor for half an hour, without feeling anything, (for seeing it was out of the question,) we opened the door and entered the room. It was a large apartment, with two windows opening upon the street. The furniture consisted of six ordinary chairs, a sofa to the right of the door, and an arm-chair, with a secretary attached to it, standing in front of a small stove. Upon the wall, separating this chamber from a dormitory, was suspended a row of beautiful pipes, and the opposite wall was covered with Silhouettes of students, in their peculiar costumes. There was among them a large lithograph portrait of remarkable lineaments. The forehead was high without being massive. The slightly aquiline nose, the compressed lip and prominent chin, denoted that decision and firmness of character, so much to be admired, when a genial, earnest eye proclaims the supremacy of the nobler feelings. But a scar, delineated across the left cheek, painfully interfered with the fascination produced upon me by a face, which, without this blemish, would have been eminently handsome.

"That," said Franz, "is the likeness of Mr. Winther, whose funeral you attended last night. It is strange, that one cannot regard this unfortunate gentleman in any

particular, without recalling a mystery. Now, sir, that scar upon his cheek has never been explained—I mean the way in which it was received. You must know, that Mr. Winther was the most perfect fencer in the University. He had acquired such perfection in the use of the *Schläger*, that few could stand before him in a duel. What led to this, his lost fight, I am unable to say; but I will relate the particulars, and you can form your own opinion as to whether the Devil had anything to do with the matter or not. I have made up my mind about it long ago. You see, sir, they met out at the *Stauffenberg*, and, just as the word was given, Winther, instead of striking with his usual skill, let his weapon drop, and looked down before him with terror expressed in his countenance, while his antagonist, attacking him, inflicted the gash across his left cheek, you see in the picture there. This conduct of Winther caused much surprise, but astonishment was carried to the utmost, by three or four of the bystanders, declaring that they distinctly heard a voice floating along near the ground by Winther's feet, and rising up between him and his antagonist. They said they heard the words that were uttered, but forgot in the excitement which followed, what they were."

"Well, Franz," I remarked, "at this rate we will get up a romance of some interest. Think of something else."

"Ah, sir," said Betschen, noticing my incredulity, and coming to Franz's aid, "you would not doubt if you had seen what I saw in this room that very night. Here lay Mr. Maxwell. There stood Mr. Winther, with his coat sleeve burnt off; and here was the table with the hand, the pale, shrivelled hand lying upon it."

"Oh, Betschen! Betschen! you frighten me. I will never be able to sleep up here; as far back as I can recollect, I have been afraid of ghosts."

"It was no ghost, sir," exclaimed Franz, "it was the Devil."

"Worse and worse, Franz! Ghosts are harmless, but——"

"Ah, you need not be afraid, sir," he replied, "nothing strange has occurred here since——"

I interrupted him, by pointing to the square opening in the ceiling above the corridor.

"Have you forgotten the little adventure we have just met with, out there? Can you give me no aid in solving the mystery? What produced that strange sound?"

"Lord protect me! Sir, how should I know?"

"You said there was a voice heard? Did no one describe the intonation?"

"No, sir."

"And the jar, you say——"

"Oh, let us not speak any more about it now," exclaimed Betschen, "I will relate all I know hereafter. I am afraid to think about these things. Surely there could not have been any crime, in which Mr. Maxwell was engaged! No, no, he was too good a man for that." Her eyes filled with tears as she continued, "He was my good genius. I nursed him through all his sickness to the very last. That afternoon when he died, I had left on an errand to Dr. Bischoff. I know I was not absent longer than half an hour. When I re-entered the room, he was sitting in that chair. His left arm was hanging down, and swinging to and fro; while he had his face

concealed in his handkerchief and resting upon the little secretary. I thought he was weeping, yet I delivered the Doctor's answer. He did not move, and I became alarmed. I took his hand in mine and then I knew that he was dead. Oh, it goes to my heart to think, that he died here all alone, with nobody to hold his head, to clasp his hand."

The poor girl wept freely, and then continued:

"I have his trunk, which I will place in your possession to-morrow, as you are his countryman. It contains, among other things, a curious Silhouette—curious in this, that it is wrought with black floss upon white canvass. It is encased in gold, and has a massive gold chain attached to it. As to his money," here Betschen's lip quivered, "as to his money, sir, he willed it all to me, six thousand guildens, to buy me a farm when I get married; but I never will—I—I—never will—no, I nev——"

Here Franz chimed in with a sympathetic howl, of such depth and feeling, that I took the honest fellow's arm, and told him I was ready to return to the Einhorn.

The next day I took possession of my new lodgings. As it was growing cold, I asked Betschen to make me a fire. She opened the stove for that purpose, and a roll of manuscript fell out upon the floor. I picked it up, and, when I was alone, read, with feelings I am unable to describe, what I here present to the public, under the same thrilling title, that made me pause before I could read beyond it—*THE VOICE, THE HAND, AND THE SILHOUETTE.*

To be continued.

LUCY SHELDON'S DREAM.

"Do you believe in dreams?" she asked.

It was a bright youthful face, gleaming with a sunny smile and the voice was sweet and happy. Her eyes, glanced up earnestly to meet the answer from the person to whom she spoke. This person was a grave, elderly man of thoughtful brow, with lines of care marking no common countenance.

"Do you believe in dreams?—do you think they mean anything? Are they intended to convey instruction, counsel, warning?"

"Have you had a dream that impresses you?" was the questioning reply.

"Yes."

"Tell me it."

"Oh, there is not much to tell; anybody may have such a dream twenty times, only—this one seems to hang by me somehow, and I don't forget it, simple as it is."

"I am listening for it."

"Well, don't laugh at me for repeating such a trifle, or dwelling on it. I dreamed that I was travelling somewhere, with some definite object I suppose, but my sense did not tell where. The carriage in which I was seated was drawn by two fine horses. My companions were variable, sometimes it was one party, sometimes another—always the coach was full, and always gayly filled. The road was smooth enough at first, broad and level, fine trees bordered it, a light breeze I remember waved my curls, and we chatted and laughed, and everybody was kind and attentive to me—they listened to me and applauded all I said, and no matter who came or who went, they made me feel and see that I was the morning spirit and the

charm of that "goodlie companie."

You know in dreams that time is not certain—you can't mark it. How long my journey lasted in this happy fashion I cannot tell, but gradually our path narrowed, and several jolts showed that the ground was no longer like that we had already traversed. The beautiful trees were gone—the wind blew chill, and the blue sky deepened and darkened: I saw clouds scudding low and threatening close over our heads, and once I heard the muttered peal, following the forked lightning—are you laughing at me?"

"No—why should you think so? Go on."

I see now the abrupt shelving banks, which on either side of the road broke close beside the ruts of my carriage wheels. Down, down they went, farther than my eye could reach, and I ceased to laugh and jest, except by rare fits of merriment—forced, anxious and unreal. My companions looked less often at me, and I saw that they were preoccupied, whispering, and careless of my remarks. The horses steadily kept their way, but suddenly we halted—just at their pausing hoofs, just beneath their quivering nostrils, yawned a great, dark, wide chasm—no farther progress there. 'Is there room to turn?' I asked the coachman. How distinctly I see his black, frightened face. Yes, there was, just at the left, and turn he did, grazing the extreme edge of the precipice, and hearing the rushing roar of a mighty river, which ran deep and strong, black and terrible—foaming, tossing, devouring."

"Where now?" asked the driver; 'Back as we came?' And I

remember—foolish I am to say I *remember*, but it is all so real—I remember the eager way I strained my gaze ahead, hoping to retrace the firm and easy path which had led me to this frightful danger.”

“And did you?”

“No—there was but space enough to turn the carriage, to go some fifty yards, and then, tranquil, calm, deep and impassable lay a broad expanse of waters, filling up the road we had come. It was not dark and hideous like the other stream. Their waters met, but did not mingle—that was turbid, fierce and frightful—this was sweet and rippling. I could dimly see the sunshine far off across—while I stood helpless on this bank, night near at hand, cold, spiritless, weary. I sat down and waited. The horses snorted and trembled—how distinctly I see the uneasy muscles under their sleek skins, quivering as they shook their heads impatiently. They were beautiful, strong and serviceable animals; they were mine, I could use them as I pleased, but even to sacrifice them, could not help me now. I sounded the depths of that blue water with a withered branch, the mighty current, unsuspectingly lurking beneath the gurgling wave, swept the broken fragments from my hand, and I watched them disappear. I wept long and bitterly—years of agony were concentrated in three fleeting, unreal moments.”

Tears started to the speaker's eyes—she brushed them away, and repeated again, “don't laugh at me.”

Her listener gravely shook his head, and followed with kind interest the progress of her “foolish dream.”

“Did not your companions comfort you and cheer you?”

“Did I not tell you? They disappeared as soon as we reached the

great gulf—you know how things fade in dreams, vanish without exciting surprise, in sleep. From the moment that danger menaced me, I was quite alone—these admiring friends I never saw again—it was this that made me so despairing. I buried my weary head in my weary hands, and there, crouched upon the bare and arid ground, I listened to the tumultuous throbbing of my sad heart, the even dash of the calm waters upon the shore beside me, and the distant, thundering, angry rush of the wild river, which went leaping, growling, destroying, through the black passage it had made for itself.—Strange to say, I thought oftener of a mad plunge in that cruel stream than trying to ford the calm one. I wonder how long this lasted. Inaction I could not endure—I must be “up and doing.” Better to die at once than sit crooning on this bank, and it seemed to me that gradually the gentle wave drew nearer on the one side, lapping stealthily up, while the noise of the far off water came more distinctly, and through the gathering darkness, a lurid gleam of lightning flashed, and showed the advancing torrent. Oh, it was fearful! and a city with its glancing lights, where were hope and safety, now and again rose from the mist beyond the calm waters, and took the place of the sunshine, that had faintly before been seen. Suddenly, to my despair, came a visitor. Like a speck, a tiny boat,—of course it was a boat—lay before me, dancing upon the rippling waters. I stretched out my arms, I raised my voice, I implored that boat; how I watched, and hoped, doubted and feared. Would it drift near me? It did; but there was a man in it, and he looked stern, hard, unfeeling. ‘Will you save us—take us in—my servant—

my poor frightened horses—this carriage?’ You see it was a dream, and I expected all these to get into a little frail bark, about six feet long. ‘I cannot, and I will not,’ answered the man, ‘I take *you* on one condition only—everything you own you shall give to me; else, certain death. Listen, look!’ The strip of land on which I stood, was not a foot wide, and dark, near and overwhelming the great torrent now dashed upon my horses’ hoofs, deafening me with its mighty roar. ‘Necessity knows no law’—the trite sentence was like the blast of a trumpet, clear, fresh, convincing. I bowed my head, put out my hand. I can feel the rocking of the little boat, its damp, sharp gunwale, it smelt like a coffin, and fiery ashes not yet died out, soaked up the moisture which oozed through the ill-joined planks. The river, so fair and calm to look upon, proved no gentle stream, when once embarked upon its bosom. I saw ugly things peering at me, my fingers streamed with blood, as tossed by the motion of the bark, I tried to steady myself by seizing the gunwale; noisome vapors crept up from the wavelets, as they licked the sides, and the bright city faded and faded, and seemed no nearer.

I was saved, but very sad. I thought of all I had left behind me, perhaps to perish, of course to perish. What was I to do, in this strange city, alone, friendless, without money and without protection—better to have died on that strange shore, and then, I thought, perhaps this is death, a waste of waters, and then the judgment, and then—and then—floating on, and on, vaguely, there came a rushing sound which covered all things, filled all things, and I awoke.”

A pause followed. “What a foolish dream, is it not? and to

haunt me as it does,” she resumed timidly, “do you quite despise me, for my absurdity?”

“Despise you, dear child, certainly not! you are imaginative and nervous. Go and dance now. To-morrow I will speak to you. There stands a gentleman, impatiently waiting for us to end our long conversation. I resign Mrs. Sheldon, sir, into pleasanter care,” and Mr. Hargrave bowed, with a kind grasp of her extended hand, to the lady and left them.

* * * * *

Ten months after, at his bachelor breakfast, Mr. Hargrave read from the morning’s paper:

.... Archibald Sheldon, Esq., having made an assignment of his estate for the benefit of his creditors, all having claims against him, are requested to meet on Tuesday, 20th inst., for the purpose of settling the same, at the office of

HARD & STRONG,
Attorneys at Law.

Mr. Hargrave laid down the sheet with a sigh, “Poor child! the road has begun to narrow.”

* * * * *

The following winter, Mr. Hargrave stood in the same ball room, where ten months before, the pretty, sparkling belle had related to him her simple dream. He missed the bright eyes, the saucy laugh, the beautiful figure whirling lightly through the dance.

“Where is Mrs. Sheldon?” he asked his hostess.

“Ah, yes, poor Mrs. Sheldon! why I did not invite her to-night. Of course I would not leave her out at a ball, but this is only a small party.”

“I see her aunt and her sister here?”

“Of course.”

“Did they know that Mrs. Sheldon is not asked?”

“I suppose so,” said the lady rather impatiently.

"May I enquire, why you omitted Mrs. Sheldon?" Mr. Hargrave said so politely, that the tone excused the demand.

"Oh, well, I don't know exactly; you see she has been a great deal talked about, and now, since Aubry's failure, they must find it difficult to keep their place in society—and, in fact, I don't know—her day is passing somehow,—and,—really, Mr. Hargrave, you must excuse me, there is some one just entering."

"And this is a woman, whom Lucy Sheldon loved and has been kind to, for years. Poor child, the clouds are scudding low and threatening, the wind blows chill, and I hear the muttered peal, following the forked flash."

* * * * *

"Good evening, dear Mrs. Sheldon."

Lucy looked up and dropped her book, giving her hand warmly to the visitor. She was paler and thinner than the bright Mrs. Sheldon of former days, and there was sorrow and disappointment stamped upon the sunny face in unmistakable marks.

Mr. Hargrave began a gay conversation, gay for him, but every lively sally brought only a transient gleam to the eyes, once so brilliant, awoke but a faint smile upon the expressive lips, once wreathing so merrily. To every question of, "have you heard this?" "have you seen that person?" "have you read such a book?" came a negative shake of the head. It seemed almost cruel to prolong the catechism, in fact Mrs. Sheldon said,

in a painful effort to keep down her emotion:

"I am not gay enough now, to hear these things or know these people. The tide has left me, my old friend; I read this sort of book, and I try to get along with life."

She held up the volume, it was a dreary, desponding work on religion, giving the gloomiest picture of a godly life.

Mr. Hargrave was not what is called a pious man, he only could "pshaw!" at her studies, beg her to read something "*less Methodist*," and try to cheer her with the assurance that if *she* were cheerful, her life would be bright enough still.

But he sadly walked from the home, with grave and anxious brow. "Poor child! the horses' heads are turned, she sits alone upon the narrow bank, watching the calm waters, stealthily advancing upon the one side, the mighty, dark, resistless flood sweeping up in front. Her weary head is buried in her weary hands, and she listens to the tumultuous throbbings of her sad and wounded heart."

* * * * *

"The relatives, friends, and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Sheldon are invited to attend the funeral services of the late Mrs. Sheldon, at St. James' Church, this morning, at 10 o'clock, without further invitation."

"Poor child!" murmured Mr. Hargrave, with moistened eyes. "She has entered the little boat, it is six feet long, and smells like a coffin, she floating vaguely on, tortured and miserable, or "is that wounded heart at rest at last? Who first said false as dreams?"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Did you ever, reader, turn your back upon civilization, and lead for a time the free life of a savage in the great woods, or on the boundless prairies of the West? If you have, and fate confines you to the stifling streets, and stale routine of a professional career in the city, do you not often revert with melancholy satisfaction, with impatient regret to that month of hilarious activity, and reckless adventure "beyond the frontier," so delicious in its utter freedom and abandonment, independent of tight coats and excruciating boots, of frigid dinner parties, and implacable duns? In your wretched attic, or pent-up office in the fifth story, surrounded by devils (printers') roaring for "more copy," or insinuating dirty "proof" under your nose, the memory of the grand old forest—impenetrable, majestic—

"Whose herded trees commune, and have deep thoughts,
A secret they assemble to discuss,
While the sun drops behind their trunks
that glare
Like grates of hell!"—

Or of the whirlwind gallop, and hair-breadth escapes on the prairie, brightens for a moment the dull air about you, and fills your narrow sanctum with the waving of green leaves, and the music of waters. How stupendous the contrast between your precious "civilization," and the genial life of the wilds! But fully to experience this, one must be suddenly hurried from solitude to society, from the isolation of the Hunter's Camp to the bustle of some crowded metropolis. The sagacious Mr. Pisistratus Caxton—returned from Australia to London, describes this sensation exactly. "I am ashamed," he says, "to have so much health and strength, when I look on these slim forms, stooping backs, and pale faces. I pick my way through the crowd with the merciful timidity of a good natured giant. I am afraid of jostling against a man, for fear the collision should kill him. I get out of the way of a thread-paper clerk, and it is a wonder I am not run over by the omnibuses. I feel as if *I could run over them.*" It is precisely under circumstances like these, that one is prepared to judge, by more rigid and philosophi-

cal standards than usually prevail, the true value of a conventional life. Abuses and affectations, scarcely noticed before, now seem to you monstrous. Everything is strange, artificial, and oppressive. The blind beggar moving on the side-walk affects you as a personal grief, the newsboys, buzzing round you like bees, are inexpressibly irritating; all faces wear a smirk of hypocrisy, and everybody seems bent upon swindling everybody else. You are more alone, an atom in this struggling sea of human existence, than ever you were hundreds of miles from the hut of the "extremest squatter." You are disposed to look upon your fellow creatures with contempt. Their motions are so angular, their voices so feeble, their faces so sharp. Have you ever heard a man laugh heartily—with all his lungs and soul in the midst of a great thoroughfare? We venture to say, never. Such an indulgence would be opposed to the constitution of things. Money-making is too serious an occupation to admit of frivolity. Convulsive rush and hurry, desperate speculation, feverish anxiety to overreach the world, and win the reputation of a "goodly balance at your banker's"—shattered nerves—attenuated frames—paralysis—these make up one-half of the lives in cities. What a different picture presents itself as you turn your eyes westward, where, happily, the tide of empire has not yet rolled. A prairie at dawn—it is deep in the spring; the billowy grass surges towards the horizon. You stand at the door of your tent, in genial communion with Nature. There is a faint breeze from the North—too faint to disturb the unspeakable solitude. Slowly above the clear line in the East the sun rises "like a stately Benediction," and you are enabled to appreciate—as no mere denizen of cities ever could—the majestic simplicity of Bayard Taylor's "Desert Hymn to the Sun."

"Under the arches of the morning sky,
Save in one heart there beats no life of
man,
* * * * *

A silence as before Creation broods
Sublimely o'er the mighty solitudes—
A silence as if God in Heaven were still,

And meditating some new wonder, Earth
 And air the solemn portent own, and
 thrill
 With awful prescience of the coming
 birth,
 And Night withdraws, and on their sil-
 ver cars
 Wheel to remotest space the trembling
 Stars.
 See! an increasing brightness, broad
 and fleet,
 Breaks on the morning in a rosy flood,
 As if *He* smiled to see His work com-
 plete,
 And rested from it, and pronounced it
 good,
 The waste lies still, and every wind is
 furled,
 The Sun comes up, and looks upon the
 world.

Half an hour after sunrise, having par-
 taken of coffee and an exquisite "broil,"
 you find yourself scouring the great
 plain, in company with gay friends, an
 unerring rifle, and enthusiastic thoughts
 of sport. If by good luck your dreams
 are realized, and you meet the buffalo,
 then mark that day with white chalk,
 and refer to it as a period during which
 you have really *lived*.

Reader; if you are miserable, and bil-
 ious, and overlabored, if you are sim-
 ply *ennuyé*, if you have been crossed in
 love by some pale cheeked damsel, and
 are therefore in despair, or if worse
 than all, that incarnation of horrors—a
 relentless Dun—has opened upon you
 with his bloodhound pertinacity of pur-
 suit, shake off the dust of your feet
 against the city and its abominations,
 purchase a horse with good wind and
 bottom, take a last look at odorous ale-
 yeas, and smoky factories, and the poor
 devils on 'Change, and then, "West-
 ward Ho!", with a cheerful spirit.

The following powerful description of
 the various forms of wretchedness, and
 imbecility which present themselves in
 one of the crowded Pauper Homes of
 England (there is a terrible, mocking
 sarcasm in the word *Home* as applied to
 such a place) is taken from the "Onyx
 Ring," by John Sterling.

Musgrave is a kind hearted, but rather
dillétante clergyman:

"After another day or two, he visited
 the poor house, where he found a motley
 collection of young and old, all more or
 less in some perverse or unhealthy state.
 Old age in all varieties of feeble, fret-
 ful imbecility—diseases of many and
 hopeless kinds, palsy, deafness, dumb-

ness, blindness, idiocy—the maimed, the
 ulcered, the bed-ridden, the deformed,
 the doting—orphans whom love had
 never approached—widows, from whom
 it had for ever fled away—the broken
 in fortune, once rich—the loathsome,
 once beautiful—the relics of our human
 life, still invested with ghastly human
 semblances—all worn-out and sepulchral
 shadows of what once was man—all
 stunted and despised modes of young
 existence—all these were here, and each
 a melancholy portion of a hideous whole.
 The old and infantile were mixed to-
 gether; but the aged received no dute-
 ous reverence, and the children were re-
 garded with no tender watchfulness.
 There was a certain dull tranquility en-
 forced by power, a chill orderly suffi-
 ciency of physical necessities provided
 by routine, a discipline and economy di-
 rected to no higher than an outward end,
 and animated by no affection. The
 whole was an image of evil of all kinds,
 compressed indeed, and frozen and be-
 numbed by mere superficial pressure,
 only leaving the consciousness of unrest
 and pain, but ready, had the weight been
 removed, and the machinery for a mo-
 ment relaxed, to burst out in explosions
 of rage, hatred, horror, and despair.—
 Here sat an old man, once a wealthy
 farmer, whom drunkenness had made a
 pauper, and whose only child, a daugh-
 ter, had been betrayed by poverty into
 fatal corruption, and had died an out-
 cast. He looked downward with dim,
 inflamed eyes, still occupied by the vi-
 sion of an intoxicating draught, which he
 could no longer procure. There the
 widow of a shopkeeper, whom her fierce
 passions and self-will had goaded to the
 grave, sat in sullen dignity, dressed with
 some pretension to superior refinement
 and brooding on the injustice of the fate
 which confined her to such society.—
 Scoffs and fury, when she happened to
 speak, were the burden of all her lan-
 guage. She had hoarded a single pound
 for twenty years to purchase a hand-
 somer funeral and better attendance than
 were provided at the expense of the
 parish. Among those about her were
 the drudges who had toiled as the wives
 of laborers now dead, and the men
 whose choicest recollections were of
 years long gone by, when they enjoyed
 the night of poaching and the ale-house
 riot. There was the cobbler, disabled
 with incurable headache, and half-crazed
 by ill-health and fanaticism, whose sense
 of the woful present was every now and
 then brightened by a flashing dream of a
 golden and vermillion New Jerusalem,
 and by the assurance of his own im-

measurable spiritual superiority to those who had ever been at school; for he was a self-taught theologian, and was even ingenious in his absurdity. Beside him sat the soldier, with one leg and one arm, whose gayest phantasms were of the town he once helped to sack, and of unstinted brandy. Children, moping over some cankered attempt at glee and happy sport, slunk in corners, and made their presence known chiefly by an occasional quarrel and shriek. One woman of seventy, who had appeared since ten years old destitute of every faculty but the purely animal ones, now, at last, while the clergyman was reading a chapter of the Scriptures, suddenly woke up at the names of Ruth and Naomi, and began to mutter, in language which she had not used for more than half a century, an account of the last gleanings in which she had shared as a child with her mother. She died before she could be carried into another room. In the midst, however, of this strange and disordered society, some members of it appeared to enjoy all the happiness of which their poor mutilated natures were now capable; and some eyes of the lighter and more joyous temperaments twinkled with unquenchable good-humor.

In this dreary confusion, where it seemed that Orpheus might have sung, and Moses have legislated, in vain, the benevolence and faith of Musgrave glanced by and vanished without a trace. One glow-worm under the coal-black vault of night, a single candle in the largest, deepest mine, is not more ineffectual.—Some, indeed, from his soft and delicate ministrations, derived a purblind sense of something like good-will towards them existing somewhere: and even this was a blessing. But he felt himself a wanderer into a region which he did not understand, and where he had no hope of ever finding a solid resting place for his foot. The butterfly among the rocks of Caucasus might as well have dreamt of sweeping down, before its silken wings, the crag on which the Titan groaned in vain.

There is a species of *egotism* which is defined with great acuteness by Coleridge in the preface to an edition of his *Sonnets*. The extract we present below is valuable not only for its philosophic truth, but as a statement of one of the characteristic charms of the *Sonnet*. It excuses the subjective tone usually adopted in these brief poems, and incidentally vindicates the Sonneteer from the charge of conceit:

"Egotism is to be censured then only

when it offends against time and place, as in a history or epic poem. To censure it in a monody or sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write sonnets or monodies? Because they give me pleasure when nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but, full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort. The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them, intellectual activity is excited, and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated and mingles as a corrective with the painful subject of the description. "True," it may be answered, "but how are the public interested in your sorrows or your descriptions?" We are forever attributing personal unities to imaginary aggregates. What is the public but a term for a number of scattered individuals? of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same, or similar.

Holy be the lay

Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way.

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages are those in which the author develops his own feelings. The sweet voice of Cona never sounds so sweetly as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the third book of *Paradise Lost* without peculiar emotion. By a law of our nature he who labors under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a poet's feelings are all strong. "Quicquid amet valde amat." Aken-side therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy when he classes Love and Poetry as producing the same effects."

We think there is a natural tendency in the female mind to engage itself in the assortment and selection of small wares. Ladies, as a class, are extravagantly fond of shopping. Next to balls among the gay and societies for sewing and philanthropy, among the pious, the mortal annoyance of unfortunate clerks, holds the highest place in the list of female enjoyments. We had once the curiosity to accompany a fair acquaintance upon one of her daily expeditions to King-

street. We shall never forget it. It was an epoch in our life, replete with strange revelations, concerning the indefatigable perseverance of woman and the despairing patience of man. First, we went to a jeweller's. Our companion desired to purchase a locket, and deemed it necessary for the selection of a good one, that the shopman should produce every case, from every nook and drawer in the establishment. He did so, but she was not satisfied, and after an examination of an hour and a half, quitted the store in disgust. Secondly, we besieged a hatter's. There were all kinds of models lying on the counter, and hanging gracefully in the windows—but they did not suit our friend. A couple of boxes just arrived from New York, and labelled "latest fashion," attracted her notice. They must be opened. In vain, the unlucky owner assured her that he had received the counterpart of their contents the day before, and that these were directly under her eye. No! the new box *must* be demolished, and its cargo brought to light. Reluctantly, the poor badgered hatman (whose Parisian breeding barely served to cover his chagrin) seized a hammer, and struck off the head of the precious receptacle. In so doing, he made a false blow, and knocked three elegant French bonnets into so many "cocked hats." Now, thought he, my customer will undoubtedly purchase—something. He was right—for being disappointed in the "latest fashion," she bought a pretty little wreath of artificial flowers, the price of which was—eighteen and three-quarter cents. Thirdly, we went to a toy-shop. Miss — had a country cousin, a promising young gentleman, of some eight or ten summers, to whom she wished to make a Christmas present. A pretty, but very delicate looking girl, officiated here. We fancied for a moment that our implacable consort (only, thank Heaven, the consort of the day) seemed relenting. No such thing! for in five minutes she was the centre of hobby-horses, and wooden soldiers, and tin trumpets, and paper flags, and droves of miniature cattle, piled in beautiful confusion, among sugar plums and preserved apples. From these she took with her a small Noah's ark, value — cents, requesting the weary girl who had waited upon her to have it charged, and assuring her that she would be certain to settle that day—six months. We never accepted another invitation from Miss — to shop with her again. Young Collegiate! disposed to be gallant, take the advice of a sufferer, and no matter how

black the eyes of the tempter may be, don't, as you value your peace of mind or body, engage in a shopping excursion with a lady. If you happen to have a grandmother who is purblind and can be managed easily, that is a different thing. Otherwise, beware!

Let us commend to those of our readers who, at this depressing season of the year, stand in need of healthful mental excitement, the perusal of Lockhart's *Translations of the Spanish Ballads*.—

These, since the general increase of knowledge upon Spanish literature incident to the labors of Prescott and Ticknor in this country, Southey, Sterling and others in England, have been criticised as ingenious paraphrases rather than reliable and accurate versions of the original. But it seems to us that this is a merit to be applauded as illustrating the only principle by which the tone, and *animus* of the popular ballads of one nation (and perhaps we might extend our remark to *all* foreign poetry whatever) can be conveyed to the popular apprehension of another. All literal translations of poetry are necessarily dull and tame. The glow, the effervescence, the genius, are not there. They present us with the heavy body, not the ethereal spirit. The adverse idioms, the varied idiosyncracies of different languages condemn these literal attempts as utterly injudicious. We, therefore, repeat that the freedom of Lockhart's rendition is one of the chief characteristic merits of his work. These Ballads "stir and invigorate the blood." Whenever we happen to be in a lethargic and despondent mood, we read them as an intellectual stimulant, and they have never failed to rouse the martial instincts which belong to normal manhood, to put new energy into soul and body, to shame our puling inactivity by confronting it with the savage and stormy, but grand features of the "lost heroic life."

Some one alluding to Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," inquired of Joanna Bailey whether she looked upon them as *poetry*—"yes!" was the memorable reply, "if the sound of a trumpet be music." These "Spanish Ballads" are superior to the "Lays." They possess the force and *vraisemblance* of originals; besides abounding in passages whose felicity of expression is unsurpassable. When, for example, in the interview between Bernardo and Alphonso, the former beards the monarch in the midst of his nobles, and thunders at the very foot of the Throne,

The King that swerveth from his word
 hath stained his purple black,
 No Spanish Lord will draw the sword
 behind a Liar's back,

we feel a thrill of sympathy for the dauntless insurgent, and all the contempt for Alphonso and his cowardly minions, which the author of the Ballad designed to communicate to his readers.

"When Coleridge, in his younger days, was offered a share in the well known London journals, by which he could have made two thousand pounds a year, provided he would devote his time seriously to their interests, he declined, making the reply, so often praised for its disinterestedness: 'I will not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, beyond three hundred and fifty pounds a year, I consider money as a real evil.' * * * The 'lazy reading of folios' led to laziness in every thing else; nay, to the worst form of laziness, the indolent gratification of mind and sense. Degenerating into an opium eater, and a mere *purposeless theorizer*. Coleridge wasted time, talents and health: came to depend, in old age, on the charity of others, and died at last with every one regretting, even his friends, that he had *done nothing worthy of his genius*."

This paragraph, taken from a Northern literary journal, is a remarkable instance of the unthinking and ignorant criticism which the editors and contributors who make up the matter for our daily journals, are not ashamed to present to their readers. Coleridge, a *purposeless theorizer*! Coleridge, *dying without having accomplished anything worthy of his genius*! These are statements which may well cause the student of English literature to stand aghast. And the misapprehension of the real cause of regret expressed by Coleridge's friends in view of his intellectual career is too palpable to be passed without comment. No one but the writer whose remarks we have quoted, was ever insane enough to declare that "Coleridge had done nothing worthy of his genius." The opinion, indeed, has been expressed that with his colossal genius, and unrivalled learning, it might have been expected that he would have written some great consecutive work, upon such themes, for example, as the "History of Philosophy," or "The Rationale of Christian Belief." But even this opinion has been ventured doubtfully in consideration of what Cole-

ridge has actually accomplished. And what was the scope and character of his labors? Upon this point we quote from De Quincey, who cannot, surely, be suspected of exaggerating Coleridge's performances:

"Blind is that man who can persuade himself that the interest in Coleridge, taken as a total object, is becoming an obsolete interest. We are of opinion that even Milton, now viewed from a distance of two centuries, is still inadequately judged in his character of poet, of patriot, of partisan, or finally in his character of accomplished scholar. But if so, how much less can it be pretended that satisfaction has been rendered to the claims of Coleridge; for upon Milton *libraries* have been composed. * * * On the other hand, upon Coleridge, little comparatively has yet been written, whilst the separate characters on which the judgment is awaited, are more, *by one*, than those which Milton sustained. Coleridge also is a poet; Coleridge also was mixed up with the fervent politics of his age—an age how memorably reflecting the revolutionary agitations of Milton's age.

"Coleridge also was an extensive and brilliant scholar. Whatever might be the separate proportions of the two men, in each particular department of the three here noticed, think as the reader will upon that point, sure we are that *either* subject is ample enough to make a strain upon the amplest faculties. How alarming, therefore, for any *honest* critic, who should undertake this latter subject of Coleridge, to recollect that after pursuing him through a zodiac of splendors corresponding to those of Milton in *kind*, however different in *degree*, after weighing him as a poet, as a philosophic politician, as a scholar, he will have to wheel after him into another orbit—into the unfathomable *nimbus* of transcendental metaphysics. Weigh him, the critic must, in the golden balance of philosophy, the most abstruse—a balance which even itself requires weighing previously—or he will have done nothing that can be received for an estimate of the composite Coleridge. *This astonishing man, be it again remembered, besides being an exquisite Poet, a profound political speculator, a philosophic student of literature through all its chambers and recesses, was also a circumnavigator on the most pathless waters of scholasticism and metaphysics.* He had sounded without guiding charts the secret deeps of Proclus and Plotinus; he had laid down buoys on the twilight, or moonlight ocean of Jacob Böhmen; he had cruised over the broad

Atlantic of Kant, and Schelling, of Fichte and Oken. Where is the man who shall be equal to these things."

And *this* is the author of whom newspaper critics have the effrontery to speak as "lazy," "a purposeless theorizer," one "who had done *nothing* worthy of his genius."

This bold determination to give out *dicta* upon the position and performances of celebrities in literature, without the most superficial knowledge of their works, taken collectively, or the possible comprehensiveness of their endowments, is a case which aptly exemplifies the low esteem in which literature itself is held even by those whose pretensions upon the subject are considerable. It is evident that this newspaper critic, in regard to the extent, the variety, the importance, the multifarious, and immeasurable learning, and power of Coleridge's works, is profoundly ignorant. And yet, he does not hesitate to speak *ex Cathedra*. He addresses his reader as if there could be no dispute about the matter, with the air of one recording an acknowledged fact. Now, in what pursuit on earth save this unfortunate profession of literature (to be mastered, we presume, by intuition) would the mere amateur venture to adjust the claims of a great man upon the strength probably of *hearsay*, or of a single hour's reading? The audacity of such cool, supercilious, not-to-be-disputed assertion truly rises to the sublime! Moreover the critic has seen fit to give a moral turn to his remarks, and to cite Coleridge as an example of lazy imbecility. Does he really suppose that what Coleridge calls "*lazily* reading old folios" was an enervate, dreamy, and indecisive employment? The "Table Talk," and the criticisms on Shakespeare are a few of the fruits of this "lazy reading"—and so are those profound disquisitions upon the origin, nature, and truth of the Christian Revelation which have done more to settle the doubts, and make lucid the conceptions of intellectual inquirers upon this momentous topic than the logic of all the theological dogmatists who have ever written.

Speaking of literary men, the *New York Crayon* thus bitterly discourses upon the degradation to which, in this "age of intellectual development," they are too often subjected:

"Literary men have become the hacks of booksellers and the playthings of the public, as poorly compensated by the one as they are respected by the other—

oftentimes despised by both, and looked upon as impoverished harlequins who have to be fed by a patronizing and condescending charity. Literature has become a trading commodity, which the public buys in a fashionable way—one day to be used, the next to be abused, and the following to be forgotten, and thrust aside. To cast lettered ink upon paper that it may be printed, bound, and sold to temporarily gratify a jaded and morbid appetite for idle, kill-time reading, would seem to be the sad destination of the literary man's brain of this day. He no longer leads, directs, and controls public opinion; he is no longer looked up to as a reliable organ of thought or feeling, but is dragged down to the level of the community, is obliged to bend to its prejudices, without the power to eradicate them.

The merchandize trader is not reduced to half as much haggling and humiliation in disposing of the wares of his shop as the literary man is in disposing of the products of his brain. The publisher looks upon him as a scarcely respectable mendicant, and the public will condescend to purchase his volume only when its pecuniary productiveness has been squandered in puffing, in misrepresenting its value, rather than in appreciating it from an enlightened point of view."

Our friend, John R. Thompson, of the "*Literary Messenger*," has been lately arraigned in a very summary manner before the bar of some theological journal, published in Virginia, upon the serious charge of having copied into his magazine so much of an article from the *Church Review* as had reference to the life and character of Dr. Jno. Esten Cooke, a prominent citizen of Kentucky, and closely related to the accomplished author of "*Estcourt*," with which the readers of "*Russell's*" have for some months past been entertained. Certain passages in the Biographical sketch we have mentioned having been colored by the peculiar theological views of the writer and the subject, Mr. Thompson is charged with the introduction into a *literary* journal of "controversial theology," a stratagem which may have been resorted to, observes the assailant "as one might administer strong cayenne pills, or even arsenic, to prevent death by stupor"—to which Mr. Thompson very cleverly replies, "that as his assailant has spoken of cayenne pills in connection with the '*Messenger*,' we may infer that he is familiar with the use of

the condiment, like that gay monarch, the King of the Bantams, who, careless of his commissariat, went into a campaign with only a little cayenne and lemon juice, and *lived upon his enemies!*

At the end of Fletcher's play, entitled "*Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*," occur these powerful and melodious lines,—lines which we never read without a conscious elevation of soul:

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest, and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late,
Our acts our Angels are, or good, or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
O! man! thou image of thy Maker's good,
What can'st thou fear when breath'd into thy blood
His spirit is that built thee; what dull sense
Makes thee suspect in need that Providence
Who made the morning, and who placed the light
Guide to thy labors: who called up the night
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs to lock up thy powers;
Who gave thee knowledge; who so trusted thee
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree:
Must **He** then be distrusted: shall his frame
Discourse with **HIM** why thus and thus I am;
He made the Angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants when devotions call.
O! can'st thou be so stupid then, so dim
To seek a saving influence, and lose **HIM**;
* * * * *
Doth not experience teach us all we can
To work ourselves into a glorious man?
Affliction, when I know it is but this—
A deep alloy whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his will;—
Sickness an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light—
And death, at longest, but another night.
Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man."

In 'Jane Eyre,' Miss Brontë very effectually exploded the conventional notion of novelists that personal beauty is essential to awaken interest in their characters. Thereby she accomplished much for art, and more for the dignity and truthfulness of human nature.

The old idea was a shallow fallacy, which illustrated in a curious manner the tyranny of custom. Observe how many great Thinkers, Dramatists, Poets, Tale Writers have bowed to its authority! They must have instinctively recognized its falsity, and yet they practically upheld it.

A writer in the *Boston Transcript*, discoursing sensibly upon this subject, illustrates Miss Brontë's theory by numerous historical examples. He recalls the cases of Lady Hamilton and Nelson, of the "diabolically squinting," John Wilkes and his proverbial success in winning female regard, of Frances Jennings and the "little Jermyn," in the Court of Charles II, and lastly he records an instance not so well known, which, to our thought, rises to the sublime. "There is a most affecting and thrilling story," he says, "told, in illustration of our theme, of Commodore Barclay, who fought the battle of Lake Erie against Perry. He was engaged to be married to a fine English girl. At Trafalgar, with Nelson, he had lost an arm. At Lake Erie he lost a leg. On returning to England, feeling his condition very acutely, he sent a friend to his betrothed to tell her that, under the circumstances in which he found himself, he considered her as released from all engagements to him. The lady heard the message, then said to the friend, 'Edward thinks I may wish our engagement to be broken because of his misfortunes, does he? Tell him that if he only brings back to England body enough to hold the soul he carried away with him, I'll marry him.'"

Some critical "Muddle-head," alluding to Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the *London Court Journal*, speaks of him as "the American writer of *pretty stories*," and the *London Athenæum*, which has the reputation of being a critical organ of the first class, refers to the same writer as "the author of some *pleasant works of fiction, nothing more*."

We often see it stated that the English are now disposed to be just towards American Literati. We quote the above as an evidence of their geniality and truthfulness.

"To love," says Spencer, is—
*"To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."*

"The philosophy here might be rendered more profound by the mere omission of a comma. We all know the *willing blindness*, the *voluntary madness* of love. We express this in thus punctuating the last line:

To spend, to give,—to want to be undone.

"It is a case, in short, where we gain a point by omitting it!"

This paragraph is taken from the "Fifty Suggestions" to be found in the latter part of Poe's "Marginalia."

How Poe could have written such nonsense we cannot imagine. The lines quoted from Spencer refer to anything but the passions and pains of 'love.'

They are fragments of an intense and bitter description in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* of the miseries to be endured in the pursuit of court-patronage, and are the offspring of the Poet's own humiliating experience.

Count Garouski, in a work upon American manners and institutions, speaks as follows of what we have always considered a foolish custom—one, in fact, worthy only of the most absurd *petit maître*:

"Among all classes of society, and preeminently among women, considerable confusion seems to prevail in often mistaking the conventional ladylike manner for true genuine womanhood. The word lady is all-powerful, and all-powerfully used and misused in America. It is applied not to mark a certain distinct position, but extends to morals, character, dress, behavior, occupation, pleasures. It has almost superseded the use, the signification of the word woman. In its thus generalized sense, it is applied with equal right and logic in the parlor as in the kitchen, in the mansion as on the farm; to the luxurious and the idle, as to the laborious and the plain. But, by its shabby genteel sense, this lady and ladylike character stands often in the way of truthfulness and nature, stands in

the way even of accomplishing many social, conventional, as well as real duties, besides generating shams, affectations, and all kinds of spurious displays, defacing genuine reality. It is an acid, destroying the suave perfume of ingenuousness, discoloring the freshest tints of a richly blossoming flower. The misuse overflows all the strata, and spreads even in literature, while the word GENTLEWOMAN—the noblest in the English language, and unequalled in any other—presuming all the purest qualities of the soul, of the heart, combining them harmoniously with the external gentleness of demeanor, is unheard in conversation, and has scarcely penetrated into literature.

"Artificiality, internal or external, in notions or in half-formed manners, stiffness denoting or covering mostly fragmentary crumbs of breeding, lame imitations, make not a woman—not even a lady. The best manners are simple, not attracting notice, not striking by any extreme. High-toned, well bred, elegantly accomplished women are not stylish, have no style at all. *Stylish-looking*, an application profusely applied in America, would be considered the poorest compliment, if not an offence, in Europe."

The following is the latest joke upon John Bull:

John was travelling on some Western Rail Road when a tremendous explosion took place, the cars at the same time coming to a sudden halt. The passengers sprang up in terror, and rushed out to acquaint themselves with the mischief,—all but Mr. Bull, who continued reading his newspaper. In a moment somebody rushed back and informed him that the boiler had burst.

"Awe!" grunted the Englishman.

"Yes," continued his informant, "and sixteen people have been killed."

"Awe!" muttered the Englishman again.

"And—and," said 'his interlocutor with an effort, "your own man—your servant has been blown into a hundred pieces."

"Awe! bring me the piece that has the key of my portmanteau."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Fortunes of Glencore—A Novel. By Charles Lever. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Those who remember Lever only as the dashing author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorriquer," and works of a kindred stamp, will be surprised by the new and far higher powers which he displays in "The Fortunes of Glencore." The careless exuberance of style, and spirit to be found in his earlier tales has given place to thoughtful, often profound observation, a more comprehensive sense of art, and a style of matured vigor, perspicuity, and elegance. As a story his present work is very successful. The action is rapid and engrossing, and the portraiture of character eminently felicitous. Billy Traynor, and the courtly minister, Upton, possess an individuality and *raisonné* which convince us that these personages are the vivid representatives of salient originals. Indeed, the chief charm of the book is its truth to Nature—not merely that Nature which exhibits itself in the innumerable complexities of European social life, but the general nature of humanity. Lever has studied the world not unkindly, but with a searching and keen analysis which has mastered the springs of men's conduct and passions. He understands the value and real significance of that "vast show of things" we term—society.

What, for example, can be more true than his description of the effect produced upon the fashionables of Florence by the sudden abdication of Nina De La Torre, and the consequent discontinuance of her grand entertainments? And not less successful are the pictures he gives us of Diplomatic life on the Continent. Sir Horace Upton, in disclosing the mysteries of his "guild," somewhat diminishes our reverence for statecraft, and the high dignitaries, by whom governments are sustained, but he compensates us by revealing his own idiosyncrasies, which are very amusing. Scratchley, the Russian Princess, and the younger Glencore, are drawn with great spirit.

The author has not been equally happy with his hero, some points of whose character seem to us exaggerated, and others false and revolting. The dis-

inheritance of his son, and the denial of his marriage simply to further a revengeful purpose, as unmanly as it was wicked, provokes our disgust, and any character thus conceived is a mistake in art. Every species of villainy is tolerable in fiction—nay, legitimate, and necessary to the designs of a writer of comprehensive powers, except that which springs from the utter abnegation of manhood.

We cannot sympathise with Glencore, and we hardly dare to pity him. Even the partial derangement which comes upon him in the latter portion of his "Fortunes," is too evidently the result of evil passions long indulged, to impress us otherwise than as a most righteous judgment.

Still, this work will probably be voted—and justly voted—"the best novel of the season." It possesses originality, vigor, great subtlety of observation and analysis, and whenever the writer speaks in his own person, a broad and healthful philosophy. The *denouement*, though in some respects unsatisfactory, is striking and pathetic. The loyalty of Billy Traynor reminds us of old Caleb Balderstone.

Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets. By William Howitt. With forty Illustrations. Geo. Routledge & Co., Farrington-street, London, and Beckman street, New York.

The reputation of this work has been long since established. The originality of the plan, and the elaborate manner of its execution, no less than its Catholicity of spirit and genial appreciative tone, have rendered it widely and deservedly popular. Wm. Howitt may not be a profound critic, but he is a felicitous and delightful writer. In the charity and kindness of his soul, he has even caught a full view of truths which to men of far subtler and more philosophical intellects have only been revealed in "brief and indeterminate glimpses." So true it is that to the really genial spirit many things are clear, which to the reason bolstered upon syllogisms seem unfathomable and not to be deciphered.

We are here introduced to the Poets

chiefly in their domestic relations, or in their hours of earnest commune with Nature. We meet them not battling their way to immortality through the crime and temptations of a Capital, or beset by servile flatteries and indiscriminating homage, but in retirement, during the moments of healthful inspiration, under the quiet oak at Olney, or on the 'breezy' Quantock hills, or, later still, among the fen-lands, or on the flat sea coast of Lincolnshire. It is thus that we like to meet them, and our satisfaction is doubled by the companionship of so charming a guide as the author. His comments are always timely and suggestive. He does not bore us with declamation or fulsome eulogies, but his converse is quiet and thoughtful, as becometh the place, and the personages in whose presence we stand. Nor is the work destitute of a special critical value. The characteristics of the different Poets—particularly the more modern ones—are discussed not only with great liberality of spirit, but with much vigor of analysis. Let us hear, for example, what he has to say of Tennyson:

"The genius of Tennyson is essentially retiring, meditative, spiritual, ambitious only that itself, and not the man shall be seen, heard, and live. So that his song can steal forth; catch by a faint but aerial prelude the ear quick to seize on the true music of Olympus; and then with growing, and ever swelling symphonies, still more ethereal, still fuller of wonder, love, and charmed woe, can travel on amid the lessening and spell bound multitude, an invisible spirit of melodious power, expanding, soaring aloft, sinking deep, coming now as from the distant sea, and filling all the summer air; so that it can thus triumph in its own celestial energy, the poet himself would rather not be found. He seems to steal away under the covert of friendly boughs, to be gone to caves and hiding crags, or to follow the stream of the grey moorland, gathering

"From old well heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,
And shadowed coves of a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel, or shell, or starry ore."

In a profound and blessed reliance upon the all-sufficiency of his art, perhaps no Poet ever furnished a more complete example than Alfred Tennyson.—There is nothing stirring, nothing restless, nothing ambitious in its tone; it has no freaks and eccentricities by which it seeks to strike the public notice.—There are no evidences of any secret, yet

palpable artifices at work to urge it on, and thrust it before you in magazines and reviews.

Quiet in itself, it comes quietly under your eye, naturally as the grass grows, and the bird sings, and you see, hear, and love it."—[p. 693.]

This is a capital criticism. But we have not the space to discuss the book further. We would only observe that the present is the *third edition*, enlarged, revised, and in every way improved. We wish, however, that it had been issued in *two* volumes instead of *one*, as the latter is rather bulky and inconvenient.

It is printed in excellent style.

School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

An entertaining work, displaying great vivacity and spirit. The "Old Boy" does not seem to have been burdened by his years. Far from it. He writes with all the freshness, and elastic energy of an undergraduate. His account is not only amusing, but valuable as the completest record we have of the educational system of Dr. Arnold. The enlightened wisdom of his policy was never so thoroughly illustrated as in these pages. Yet, the work is no defence, or elaborate analysis of Arnold's method of instruction. Its information upon this point springs naturally out of the school-day experiences of Tom Brown the author. A manly, upright, sincere, and acute old fellow is Tom Brown. He shows his good sense at the outset by not being ashamed of his name. Ashamed of it! He proves conclusively that all the grit, the 'game blood,' the courage, and untameable obstinacy of John Bull is to be traced directly to the Brown family.

Hear him. "The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle within the memory of the young gentlemen who are now matriculating at our Universities. Notwithstanding the well merited, but late fame which has now fallen upon them, any one at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns.

For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English countries, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, these stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeoman's work. With the

yew bow and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and Agincourt; with the brown bill and pike under the brave Lord Willoughby; with culverin and demi-culverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen; with hand-grenade, and sabre, and musket, and bayonet, under Rodney and St. Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and Wellington, they have carried their lives in their hands; getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was on the whole what they looked for, and the best thing for them, and little praise or pudding, which indeed they, and most of us, are better without. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs, and such like folks, have led armies and made laws time out of mind, but those noble families would be somewhat astonished, if the accounts ever came to be fairly taken, to find how small *their* work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns."

After this gallant burst, we think Tom Brown may be left to speak for himself.

The Satires of Juvenal Annotated, by Charles Anthon, L.L.D. Harper & Brothers: New-York.

An edition of Juvenal's works, suitable for the American student, has long been a desideratum in the seminaries of our country; Mayor's edition, now used in Great Britain, has not been reprinted in the United States. We think with La Harpe that Juvenal was the only poet of his time endued with a republican soul; he concerns himself only about vice and virtue, servitude and freedom, folly and wisdom; to truth he sacrifices all meaner views, the spirit which directed his satire was a regard for the public good, and we think it will be conceded, that the writings of this celebrated moralist of antiquity should be studied by the youth of a country, the institutions of which are yet free, and in which the ardour of patriotism is not yet extinct. Juvenal reveals to the minds of the Romans of his time, the happy days of the virtue and independence of their forefathers—a useful lesson to the youth of our republic, who can preserve the liberty which they enjoy, purchased by the blood of their ancestors, by no other means than by imitating the illustrious examples of pure morality and incorruptible integrity, who so gloriously achieved the revolution.

Dr. Anthon's Juvenal is published on the same plan with all the preceding editions of his valuable series of classical writers. The classical scholar who will take the trouble to peruse the 7th satire of the author, will at once perceive the merit of the new edition; the language

of eulogy is superfluous; the judicious and candid critic will appreciate the sound discrimination of the editor in the selection of authorities, and the depth of research manifested throughout the commentaries of this eminent scholar.

1. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton; with Notices of his life; a history of the Rowley controversy; a selection of his letters; notes critical and explanatory; and a Glossary. In two vols. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.*
2. *The Poetical works of Andrew Marvell; with a Memoir of the author. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.*

There have hitherto been but two editions of Chatterton's works; the handsome, but unsatisfactory edition prepared by Southey and Cottle, and published in 1803, and the well known edition in two volumes issued at Cambridge in 1842, and edited by Charles Wilcox. From the latter work, nearly every thing in the edition before us has been derived, and we thus have, with a few very judicious omissions, a complete counterpart of Mr. Wilcox's elaborate and reliable publication. The life of Chatterton here presented, is particularly full and interesting. The author has spared no pains in the collection of information and details, and these he has set forth with admirable clearness. Few biographies possess so thrilling a hold upon the reader's sympathy.

Chatterton was indeed a prodigy of intellect and of will. His endurance, and decision of character and purpose, were quite as remarkable as his genius. Considering his position at the attorney Lambert's, where no doubt the Rowley poems were chiefly prepared, we cannot but wonder at the indomitable nature of the youth. Lambert, who seems to have been a thorough brute, was in the habit of tearing up his apprentice's manuscripts; ridiculing in a swinish way the lad's taste for poetry, and occasionally cuffing him about after the manner of pettifogging despots. Worse than all, he compelled Chatterton—who was proud as Lucifer—to sleep in the kitchen with the foot-boy. Nevertheless, the great work went on. In the midst of distasteful duties (which however he did not neglect), and under the surveillance of a harsh and sottish master, Chatterton commanded the leisure to pore over Camden's *Britannia*, and Speght's *Chaucer*, and the dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey, mastering the enigma of black-letter and occult English dictions, and making immediate use of his knowledge

in the composition of the Rowley poems.

But we must leave the assiduous biographer to tell his own story. Only, as a curious matter likely to interest Charlestonians, we copy portions of the earliest epistle of Chatterton extant—a letter addressed to an old schoolmate named Baxter, whose roving propensities led him to emigrate from Bristol to Charles-Town, South-Carolina.

Bristol, March 6th, 1768.

"Dear Friend—I must now close my poetical labours, my master being now returned from London. You write in a very entertaining style, tho' I am afraid mine will be the contrary. Your celebrated Miss Rumsey is going to be married to Mr. Fowler, as he himself informed me. Pretty children! about to enter into the comfortable yoke of matrimony, to be at their own liberty; just apropos to the old saw, out of the frying pan into the fire. For a lover, heavens mend him! but for a husband! oh! excellent! what a female Machiavel this Miss Rumsey is!"

"I am glad you approve of the ladies of Charles-Town, and am obliged to you for the compliment of including me in your happiness; my friendship is as firm as the white rock when the black waves roar around it, and the water bursts on its hoary top, when the driving wind ploughs the sable sea, and the rising waves aspire to the clouds, turning with the rattling hail. So much for heroics. To speak in plain English, I am, and ever will be, your unalterable friend,

Thos. Chatterton.

Andrew Marvell, the bosom friend of Milton; the intrepid patriot and advocate for liberty amongst a servile generation; the accomplished wit, scholar, and poet, is here introduced to us in a pleasing biography by Henry Rogers, who, of all men now living in England, is perhaps most fitted by nature to appreciate the excellences of Marvell's genius and character. No other biography of Marvell (at least none with which we are acquainted) approaches this in fullness, impartiality, and critical justness of opinion.

Of course it is not upon his poems—many of them simply *jeux d'esprits*—that the literary fame of this writer depends; still they are worth preserving as clever and sparkling versicles, always ingenious, sometimes fanciful, and touched with true sentiment. His best poems, we think, are amatory. "Marvell's mind," his biographer well observes, "presents the rare union of wit and the moral sense by which the one is rescued from scepti-

cism, and the other from prosing. His poems form the synthesis of Donne and Butler."

Tent Life in the Holy Land. By Wm. C. Prime, author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," "The Old House by the River," &c. Harper & Brothers: New-York.

We are very careful how we venture now-a-days to commend any book of travels. The mania which besets modern tourists to take the public into their confidence, under the delusion that the public are hungering for their individual experience, should certainly be discouraged.

The standard of criticism with regard to works of travel ought to be greatly elevated, so that the individual who obstinately presents us with his printed "sensations" at Bagdad, or before the Pyramids, by the side of the Golden Horn, or even on the banks of the Niger, must be prepared for rough treatment, should his production be tame, or commonplace, or merely respectable. But even under the more rigid critical regime we have imagined, the author of "Tent Life in the Holy Land" would have nothing to fear. His work is far more than respectable. It is full of enthusiasm, vigour, and unaffected sentiment. The locale he describes seems to have awakened in Mr. Prime the most fervent feeling, a profound awe and veneration, which break into spontaneous, and often beautiful, utterance. The opening chapter is a favorable specimen of his style:

"To see the sun go down beyond the sepulchre, and rise over the mountain of the Ascension, to bathe my forehead in the dews of Gethsemane, and lave my dim eyes in the waters of Siloam to sleep in the company of the infinite host above the oaks of Mamre, and to lie in the starlight of Bethlehem, and catch, however faintly, some notes of the voices of the angels, to wash off the dust of life in the Jordan, to cool my hot lips at the well of Samaria, to hear the murmur of Gennesareth, giving me blessed sleep—was not all this worth dreaming of—worth living for—was it not worth dying for?"

And all this I was to accomplish—not in the some dim future—but to-morrow—to-morrow!

Yea, there lay the Holy Land, and thither my pilgrim feet would carry me, ere three suns had risen and set. How I shrank from the sea, lest it should engulf me, before I had seen Jerusalem—how I trembled lest the nerves and sinews should fail me, and the delicate thread

of life break before I could kneel at the tomb! How I looked, earnest-longing, clinging gazes at my wife, lest some dire mishap should prevent that perfect joy of our glad lives, and forbid our standing together on the Mount of Olives!"

The Professor—A Tale. By Currer Bell. Harper & Brothers, New York.

We observe that most of the northern critics speak of this tale as greatly inferior to Miss Brontë's later productions. If it be judged by a standard, which the author never intended should be applied to it—that is, if it be judged only as a novel, no doubt the critics would be right, but the work is purely analytical, it has nothing to do with plots and complicated incident; of movement—using that word in the dramatic sense—there is little, or none; but the dissections of character are wonderful—quite equal, we think, to anything in that line accomplished by the author, in her more elaborate novels.—As an intellectual and moral anatomist, Miss Brontë has no superior. True, the scope of her observation was limited; she depicts but few characters, and her men are not strictly representative men, nor are her woman types of more than a class—and that class an uncommon one—but what she attempts to portray is portrayed with a fidelity, clearness, and profound sagacity, unattainable by mere talent, however perfect in culture, or exalted in degree. Her writings glow with the electric life, and light of genius, and "The Professor" is no less significant of her great powers than "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette."—Though her earliest work of any length, or pretension, it was composed in the maturity of her faculties, and it should, and can stand upon its intrinsic merits.

Leonora D'Orco—A Novel. By G. P. R. James. Harper & Brothers, New York.

It is the fashion to sneer at Mr. James. He is snubbed every where and by every body. The magazines dismiss him with a curt paragraph, and the newspapers, upon the appearance of any new work from his pen, indulge in a stereotyped joke about two omnipresent horsemen, who are either at the foot or on the brow, of some interminable hill. All this is very absurd, and very unjust.—Mr. James may not be a great novelist, but he is a capital, and instructive writer. His tales possess a definite historical value. If they seldom stir imagina-

tion to its depths, they never sink to the level of inert mediocrity, and in style many of them are models of clear, vigorous English. "*Leonora D'Orco*," is a picture of the times of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and is a really admirable work. It is vivid and correct, as a history, and entertaining as a story.

1. *The Collegians—By Gerald Griffin.*

2. *The Munster Festival—By Gerald Griffin.*

3. *The Rivals—By Gerald Griffin.—Geo. Routledge & Co., London and New York.*

Twenty years ago these stories were widely popular. Their author who had the reputation of being one of the ablest of the Irish novelists, (John Banim and Wm. Carleton, contesting the palm with him as a tale writer,) was a man who united brilliant wit with the earnestness of deep passion.

His productions belong to the intense school of fiction, that is, they deal with the more stormy feelings, and are chiefly successful in evolving elements of tragic interest.

His wit is but the foil to a strong, and somewhat gloomy imagination. We hold "The Collegians" to be the best of his works, all of which possess great merit. While still a young, and at the zenith of his fame, Gerald Griffin joined himself to a brotherhood of monks, among whom, a year or two after, he died of a malignant fever.

The present neat edition of his novels will find, doubtless, many delighted readers. In fact, for the general public, they are likely to have all the charm of originals.

We have received from *Messrs. Ticknor & Fields*, four other volumes, (viz.: "Rob Roy" and "Old Mortality,") belonging to their invaluable series of the *Waverly Novels*. This edition is the cheapest, and most convenient ever published. Moreover, it is enriched by many additional notes.

Elements of Punctuation, with Rules on the use of Capital Letters, &c. By John Wilson. Crosby Nichols & Co., Boston.

This is an abridgment of Mr. Wilson's elaborate "Treatise on English Punctuation," and though prepared especially for the use of schools, will prove to the general student, a lucid and valuable work. The plan adopted by the author

is simple and perspicuous, the parts of his "Treatise," are well arranged, and what is very unusual in publications of this sort—the selections used for illustration, are taken from a range of literature both various and excellent.

The Orations of Demosthenes—Translated, with notes. By Charles Rann Kennedy, in 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers, New York.

An important addition to Harper's *Classical Library*. Mr. Kennedy's ideas of a good translation—as expressed in his sensible and interesting preface—are fully carried out in these two handsome volumes, which contain besides "The Olympiacs," The Philippics," the orations on "The Crown," and "The Embassy," all the minor speeches of Demosthenes, from the oration "On the Letter," to the subtle argument in favor of the "Megalopolitans."

This translation is not a text-book for schools. Its aim is, rather, to present the scholar with a readable version, sufficiently literal, and yet elegant and correct as an English composition. The plan was judicious, and we think that its execution has been entirely successful.

The Life and Enterprises of Robert William Elliston, Comedian. By Geo. Raymond. Illustrated by Cruikshank & Phiz. G. Routledge & Co., London and New York.

Whoever reads this book will experience what Oliver Wendell Holmes has oddly, but expressively called, "a champagne feeling." It is written with delightful ease, grace, and wit, and while professing to be the biography of one man, gives us a graphic picture of society, especially of the *beau monde*, and the prominent theatrical celebrities of the first quarter of the present century.

The account of Elliston himself, related with infinite spirit, and illustrated by various entertaining anecdotes, and clever *memorabilia*, impresses us with the idea of a man of sparkling and versatile genius, of good impulses, but uncertain principles.

As an actor his powers were very remarkable. He did not fall far short of being in the histrionic sense, a universal genius. No performer of his day equalled him as a comedian. "His countenance," says Mr. Raymond, "was the very mirror of comedy. His face was round, his features small, yet highly expressive, laughter lay cradled in his eye, and there was a noticeable play of lip so pregnant of meaning, as frequently

to leave the words that followed, but little to explain." And yet Elliston rivalled, and in the opinion of many, surpassed even Kemble, in certain scenes in Hamlet.

We have room but for one of the many anecdotes, with which this volume is crowded:

"Elliston had been acting at Weymouth, a place to which the King was extremely partial, and where it was no unusual thing for him to take his stroll unattended. On the morning of Elliston's benefit, he had been enjoying one of these afternoon wanderings, when rain coming on, just as he was passing the theatre door, in he went, and finding no one immediately at hand, proceeded at once to the royal box, and seated himself in his own chair.

"The dim daylight of the theatre, and slight fatigue which exercise had occasioned, induced an inclination to drowsiness. His majesty, in fact, fell into a comfortable dose, which presently became a sound sleep. In the meantime, Lord Townsend, who had encountered Elliston in the neighborhood, inquired whether he had seen the king, as his majesty had not been in the palace since his three o'clock dinner; and it being then nearly five, the queen and princesses, were in some anxiety about him.

But his lordship gaining no direction from the dramatic star, pursued his object in another course.

"Elliston now making his way to the theatre for the purpose of superintending all things necessary for the reception of his august patrons, went straight into the king's box, and on perceiving a man fast asleep in his majesty's chair, was about re-calling him to his senses in no gentle manner, when, very fortunately, he recognized the king himself.

"What was to be done? Elliston could not presume to wake his majesty—to approach him—speak to him—touch him—impossible! and yet something was necessary to be attempted, as it was now time the theatre should be lit.

"Elliston hit on the following expedient, taking up a violin from the orchestra, he stepped into the pit, and placing himself just beneath his exalted guest, struck up, *dolcemente*, 'God save the king!' The expedient had the desired effect, the royal sleeper was gently loosened from the spell which had bound him, and awaking, up he sprang, and staring the genu-flecting comedian full in the face, exclaimed, 'Hey! hey! hey! what! what! Oh, yes! I see! Elliston—ha! ha! rain came on—took a seat—took a nap—what's o'clock?'

"Approaching six, your majesty."
 "Six! six o'clock!" interrupted the king, "send to her majesty, say I'm here—stay—this wig wont do, eh, eh? Don't keep the people waiting—light up—let 'em in—let 'em in, ha! ha! fast asleep; play well to-night, Elliston—great favorite with the queen—let 'em in—let 'em in!"

"The house was presently illuminated—messengers were sent off to the royal party, which in a short time reached the theatre. Elliston then quitted the side of his most affable monarch, and dressing himself in five minutes for his part in the drama, went through his business with bounding spirit, nor was his glee at all diminished, when on attending the royal visitors to their carriage, the king once more nodded his head, saying

"Fast asleep, eh! Elliston! fast asleep!"

An original and pleasant wit, was his Majesty George III.

The Romany Rye—A Sequel to "Lavengro." By Geo. Borrow, author of "the Bible in Spain," "The Gypsies of Spain," &c. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Those who have read "Lavengro," will probably be eager to procure this sequel. Mr Barrow is an eccentric but vigorous writer, who, although he frequently offends us by his audacity and self-assertion, is generally successful in arousing a sort of pugnacious interest. "The Romany Rye," like "Lavengro," is utterly destitute of artistic method, and unity of plan, but we have seldom read a more shrewd and pungent work. The style is often execrable, even bitter, and the opinions absurd, but the author is entertaining even in his vagaries. As descriptions of Gipsy life, both "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" are picturesque and doubtless truthful books; as stories, they are both failures. The thread of the narrative is continually interrupted by elaborate polemical discussions, which, however learned and ingenious, are calculated after a time—particularly as they turn upon the one subject of the Pope and his authority—to weary the most patient reader.

We find in the present volume a lengthy "Appendix," intended as a synopsis of the incidents in "Lavengro." The prejudices of the writer are here ridiculously apparent. He shows himself a "good," if not a very wise "hater." His wrath and spleen are especially bitter against the House of Stuart, the Tory

party, and the man whom he chooses to consider as the apologist for the one, and the haughty champion of the other. Mr. Borrow speaks of Sir Walter Scott as the descendant of 'cow-stealing' marauders, charges him with having deliberately falsified history, and directly after indulges in a great glorification of — Murat!

If any body wishes to be provoked into a just and healthful passion, let him glance through this "Appendix." It is full of one sided, heterodox, and extravagant opinions, maintained with the shrewdest effrontery, and delivered altogether "*ex-cathedra*."

Memorials, and Other Papers. By Thos. De Quincey, in 2 vols. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Both in personal and literary character, De Quincey has always been to us an interesting study. The gorgeous imagination of the "Opium Eater," with its startling revelation of the capacities for joy, or for suffering, which rest in the human nerves and brain, created an interest in the author, which his numerous essays upon every conceivable variety of subject, since successfully issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, have in most cases confirmed. Perhaps no man has ever lived in England, possessed of De Quincey's combination of original mental power, with elaborate attainments, whose works are so wholly fragmentary, so little deserving of the epithet *great*, though evidently emanating from a great intellect.

His essays, so far as they go, are full of the rarest information, the acutest logic, the most marvellous command of illustration, drawn from the resources of a learning, which we believe to be both general and profound. His diction is remarkable for an almost sensuous richness and harmony.

The sentences are evolved with artful regard to the effect upon the ear as well as upon the understanding. Sometimes they are tortuous and involute, but never awkward or unmusical. To style, for its own sake, and because of the infinite power, beauty, and possible variety of combination which belong to words, De Quincey has paid a special regard, and thus he has acquired consummate skill as a Rhetorician. There are many pages in his "Confessions," and in "Suspiria De Profundis," for example, which, though essentially pure and vigorous, display the utmost gorgeousness of diction, allowable to the proprieties of the English tongue—pages which are in-

stinctively read with a *rhythmical* intonation, and may be cast with singular facility into blank verse. But with all his wonderful endowments, and his lucid perception in matters of critical taste, De Quincey's diffuseness is discouraging to ordinary readers, and even to the most studious and patient ones.

In fact, he is not unfrequently as garrulous as any old grandmother. His digressions are insufferable, and his egotism is very fatiguing. Again, in speaking of his contemporaries among literary men, he occasionally assumes a tone which is ungenerous and even bitter.

His animal versions, for instance, upon the character of Coleridge are, to our apprehension, indefensible, and heartily do we side with Hartley Coleridge and the other relatives and friends of the great Metaphysician and Poet, in denouncing it as reckless, unfeeling, and in the worst possible taste. But whatever may be his faults we cannot cease to reverence the noble intellect of De Quincey, and whenever we receive from his publishers (to whom the thanks of the whole country are due) a fresh instalment of his miscellanies, we are happy in the certainty of entertainment and instruction, of a high order. The volumes before us contain, besides the novel of "Klosterheim," a continuation of the "Auto-Biographical Sketches," two essays entitled "The Sphinx's Riddle," and "The Pagan Oracles," a series of elaborate "Dialogues on Political Economy," analyzing the great work of Mr. Ricardo, and an exceedingly able review of Gordon's *Modern Greek Revolution*, a subject by the way about which most persons are profoundly ignorant, and which, notwithstanding, is full of thrilling and romantic interest. We do not think upon the whole that these two last volumes are calculated to increase the author's reputation, or to excite very special attention in literary circles. The

papers (excepting Klosterheim) are "cavins to the general," but to a small body of thinkers and scholars they must certainly be suggestive, and consequently acceptable.

A System of Independent Research, the Great Educational Want of the South. An Address delivered before the Society of the Alumni of the College of Charleston, at the Inauguration of the Charleston College Library. By Prof. John McCrady. A. J. Burke, Broad-street.

This is an earnest and well-timed address, which, with clearness of argument, and great propriety and force of language, and illustration, discusses the present intellectual condition of the South, points out the radical deficiencies of our educational system, and modestly, but with true discrimination and insight, suggests the remedy. For logical closeness of reasoning, and general thoughtfulness and ability, the Address is remarkable, and if read, and heeded by the class of self-sufficient utilitarians of which, unhappily, modern society, and Southern society in especial, is largely composed, may possibly be of service to those practical plodders who sneer at "theories," and imagine themselves in their ludicrous hallucination, to be the only abiding pillars of the world.

Prof. McCrady does *not* think that "practical improvement" is the great want of the South—he subscribes to no such shallow sotticism, the confutation which is so patent, so immediately beneath the eye of our daily experience, that one might well suppose that a sensible man would be ashamed to give his authority to any such fallacious and delusive opinion.

But we have not space to present our readers with an analysis of the Address. We can only commend it to their perusal and candid consideration.